

Forecast: Victory by Christmas!

BY HENRY PETERSON
(who foretold the invasion of Russia)
SEE PAGE SIX



"ALL-CANADIAN" IS MISS JEAN THOMPSON AS SHE POSES IN A BEACH ENSEMBLE OF CANADIAN DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE. THE STORY IS ON PAGE 5

IT IS with very great regret that we find the Prime Minister of Canada erecting voluntary enlistment into something very like a permanent moral principle for this Dominion, in apparent disregard of the fact that we already have compulsory enlistment for any military service that does not take the soldier outside of the country. Notwithstanding the Prime Minister's rhetoric, there is no moral principle involved in maintaining voluntary enlistment for service abroad, and no special glory accrues from abstaining from the use of compulsion.

The only permanent principle involved which distinguishes overseas service from home service, and which makes compulsion easy for home service and difficult for overseas service, is the claim of French Canada that it possesses special minority rights—rights which are of no importance in connection with home defence, for which French-Canadians are as ardent as any other Canadians, but which are of importance in connection with service abroad, because the French-Canadian feels that such service may be for the purposes of a war (not the present one, but some future one) in which he has no interest or to which he may actually be opposed. This claim has obviously no foundation in anything in the British North America Act, but it may have some validity in public ethics and even in national policy. It is unwise for a majority to tell a minority that it, the majority, can always compel the minority to fight whether willing or no.

It is for that reason, and in order to meet this single valid and permanent objection on the ground of principle, that SATURDAY NIGHT has suggested the device of making compulsory overseas service applicable to the eight provinces on enactment by the Dominion, and to Quebec only on ratification by the province. Our desire is to make Quebec responsible for the compulsory service policy of its own people alone. At present Quebec is dictating a non-compulsory service policy for the whole Dominion. Our belief is that, apart from the general principle that Quebec must not be coerced by the other provinces in this highly personal matter, French Canada is as ready to accept compulsory service today as any other part of the country—and will accept it, when

imposed by its own legislators. French Canada knows today that the Rome referred to by the Pope in his magnificent broadcast of Sunday is not the Rome of Mussolini.

No "Compassion" Here

MR. LAPOINTE should look into the matter of the statements issued to the press in the name of the Department of Justice by some unknown official. They are making the Department look ridiculous. One of them last week explained that James Franceschini was being released "on compassionate grounds." "Compassionate grounds" is a proper term for the exercise of clemency by the Crown towards a person who is being punished for a crime; but Mr. Franceschini was not being punished for a crime. Mr. Lapointe himself says that internment is not a punishment, and everybody

(except perhaps this unknown official of the Justice Department) agrees with him. Mr. Franceschini was being interned because the Justice Department believed him to be a danger to the state, and if he is a danger to the state no amount of compassionate grounds could possibly justify his release.

The Justice Department cannot get away with this "compassion" business. It has since released Leonard Franceschini, who is not particularly ill; is that a case of "compassion" also? It is well known that the "revising committees" which heard the cases of these two brothers recommended their release in the strongest terms they could think of, and that the Minister refused to act upon the recommendation in either case; defenders of the Minister's action have allowed it to be understood that the revising committees were unduly sympathetic towards Fascism, which is

a curious accusation in the circumstances. We think this is a case in which, if the Government has any effective evidence against James Franceschini, it should produce it in public, even if it does involve the naming of one or two under-cover agents, and should also explain why this evidence was not produced before the revising committee or why it did not convince it if it was produced. Failing this, the Government should admit frankly that it is releasing James Franceschini because it knows, and has known ever since the committee's report reached it, that it should never have held him at all.

Crabbed Age and Youth

A FEW weeks ago we perpetrated in these columns the statement that young persons are not particularly dangerous as drivers of motor-cars. We said: "The young, though some of them should not be in charge of cars or anything else, are in the main cautious and aware of their responsibility." This has prompted a correspondent to supply us with statistics compiled by a different company from that on which we were relying, which show that young drivers are involved in from three to seven times as many fatal accidents to a given mileage of driving as drivers of mature years. Says this authority: "Drivers sixteen years old have nearly seven times as many fatal accidents as drivers of thirty. Seventeen-year-old drivers have four times as many. The age group from 18 to 21 has about three times as many fatal crashes as thirty-year-old drivers. From 22 to 25 years there is a regular decrease, until the twenty-five-year-olds have not a great deal higher accident frequency than those thirty years old." The statistics were compiled in Chicago.

This leads us to ask ourselves how young is young. Frankly, when we made the above-quoted statement we had no thought in mind of drivers of sixteen and seventeen, any more than of drivers of eleven and twelve. A considerable percentage of such persons are still mentally and morally infants, and unless the state can devise some test to determine whether they are grown up it should not license them to drive at all. As a matter of fact, in a

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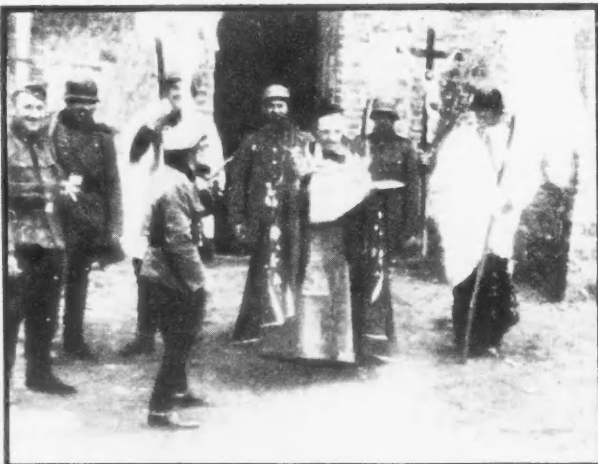
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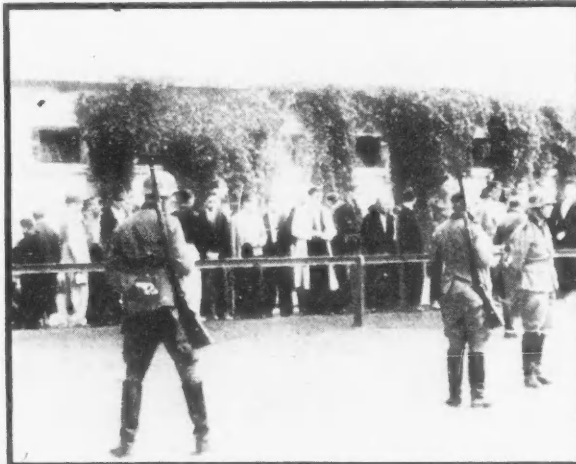
In the invasion and lightning-quick defeat of Poland at the outset of World War II, 3,000,000 Poles, both civilians and soldiers, lost their lives. By starvation and systematic executions, hundreds of thousands more have died since the occupation. In this picture, Polish men are being taken to a place of execution under military guard. Their eyes are bandaged. In their hands are belongings to be buried with them.



In this picture Polish women are being led away to be executed. From Poland have come in increasing numbers reports of mass death sentences and savage punishments inflicted on the Poles who have become too terrorized to practice widespread sabotage. Herr Frank, German Governor-General of Poland has proclaimed that the Germans are in Poland for good and that "the German flag will fly over Poland forever." He further declared that Poland is to be treated as a part of the Greater Reich under "protection of the German nation".



These Germans have gathered before a Polish church in Chelm to ridicule the house of worship. Some of the soldiers have donned sacerdotal garments and two carry religious banners. Many priests have been executed since the German occupation of Poland. Poles have been forbidden to play the works of their great composer, Chopin, and works of leading novelists such as Henryk Sienkiewicz have been removed from libraries and their sale forbidden.



Nazi soldiers stand guard over a group of Warsaw citizens waiting to be sent to a concentration camp at Oswiecim. As part of the Germanization of Poland, city streets and squares have been named after Nazi officials, and special inducements have been offered Germans to emigrate to Poland and settle on land of which Poles have been dispossessed. The 40,000 Jews of Cracow were ordered to move to East Poland.



Despite continual protestations of friendship, both Russia and Germany have maintained strong forces along the borders between the portions which they subdivided when Germany sacked Poland in the Fall of 1939. These are Russian troops at one point on the frontier. Last week, with the lightning suddenness for which it is famous, the German army struck at Russia along a 1,500-mile front, with Nazi leaders hoping to wind up

the campaign in jig time and in full possession of the Russian Ukraine. In the striking German armies were veterans from Yugoslavia and Greece, Poland and France, supported by the bulk of the German Air Force. Seizure of Lemnos and Samothrace in the Aegean, has bottled up the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea. Turkey is a benevolent neutral. Finland and Rumania are Nazi allies. Hitler gambles, but minimizes odds against him.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Very Gracious Lady

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

HELEN RICHMOND YOUNG REID was one of that now diminishing band of women, of gentle birth and gracious living, who, particularly in Montreal, Toronto and other centres of our older settlement, held their privileges indeed as *noblesse oblige*, as imposing upon them the responsibility of service to their community and fellowmen. It is almost impossible to assess the effect which such women, and the men whom they influenced, had in ascertaining and revealing, to a generation that was not highly humanitarian, the conditions and needs of living of the great mass of city dwellers and especially of women and children in this country. They it was who, through the truest and most discerning charity, not only sought to assuage, but to prevent, those conditions of work, of housing and of miserable living, generally, which meant suffering, morbidity, death and despair for so many in our swift and uncontrolled industrial and urban growth. In the past half century, two such women have been pre-eminent in Montreal, and, in fact, from their broader national outlook, outstanding in Canada—Lady Drummond, and Dr. Reid, whose able and outstanding mother, Mrs. Robert W. Reid, founder of the first Women's Club of Canada, was Lady Drummond's friend and early companion in arms.

Helen Reid, then only in her sixteenth year, was one of a few women who, in 1884, (incidentally the year in which Queen's University awarded the first B.A. degree to a woman in Canada), approached Sir William Dawson to open McGill to her sex. Entering the first class, she graduated gold medallist in modern languages and took postgraduate work in Germany, and at Geneva.

FACED with bitter tragedy in her own life, Helen Reid, in its searing, found not bitterness nor despair but only a deep dedication and understanding in the common sorrow and suffering of all men, and threw her young and gifted life into philanthropic service. Of this strong sympathy, her international interests and her work and studies among new Canadians were direct fruit. Her work was ever a building, for the scope of her intellect was broad, her spirit vital, and her energy and determination indomitable. In the opening year of the century, she was associated with the founding of the Montreal Charity Organization Society, (now the Family Welfare Association), the oldest family agency in Canada. Her interest here made her vice-president of the Family Association of America.

From its early years, through her friendship with Lady Aberdeen, she was active locally and nationally, in the building of that magnificent service, the Victorian Order of Nurses. Typical of her broad approach to any problem was her immediate recognition of the need for special preparation for the "community" nurse, and through her efforts in part, the McGill School for Graduate Nurses came into being, with her as Chairman of the Board of Governors. The McGill (now the Montreal) School of Social Work had her equally close interest and support from its founding to her death. She was instrumental in bringing to Montreal, for the School, Mr. J. Howard T. Falk, with whom she worked in the development of the Financial Federation, which Montreal's public spirited citizens have made the largest and most successful community fund in Canada, with one of the most consistently effective campaigns on the continent.

Nationally, she was the early patron of such necessary, but, in their very nature, such specialized agencies as the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene and the Canadian Welfare Council, of the latter of which she was vice-president at the time of her death.

Her service was never of the letter-head variety: it was active, intense, responsible,—sometimes to the point of hounding an uncertain or calculating executive into enterprise. To that persistency within her, many an agency and responsible lay or professional worker today owe their own continuing service and courage.

HER writings were many and varied, from purely technical material on health and welfare, to delightful translations from French and German, serious poems of no mean merit, and humorous rhyme of a light, and, on occasion, a sly Rabelaisian touch.

Her life, more than most, moved through alternating light and darkness,—a happy and brilliant youth, bleak sorrow in young womanhood, and then a rare burgeoning of useful, happy work, and high distinction. Canada's greatest city honored her as director of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, than which there was no more significant post at home in the four years of the last war. Through a generation she served as the woman member of the national executive of the "C.P.F.", her sovereign honoring her with the distinction of a Dame of Grace of the Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and later as a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Queen's University and later McGill, conferred their LL.D. degrees upon her, and her alma mater named her Governor's Fellow. Italy awarded her the gold medal of the Red Cross of Italy, and the Medaille de Reconnaissance.

Her courage and power of endurance explained her unusual ability to face crises calmly in her own or the community life. Such was her organization of family relief in Montreal's typhoid epidemic of 1910-11, the rapid mobilization of community family service for the "P.F." in 1914, and her superb faith, patience and determined discharge of her usual duties through the suffering and often excruciating pain of recent years. Across her last testament was written, in faltering hand, "God has been my strength: it is my own weakness which now fails me."

Her casket, smothered in white flowers, was followed into the Church of the Messiah by one of Canada's outstanding medical leaders in the uniform of His Majesty's service, and by Park, her faithful servant through the years, walking side by side. Nothing could have been more symbolical of Helen Reid's life, of its broad intellectual interests and its intense humanitarianism.

Ottawa, Ont.

C. W.

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THE FRONT PAGE

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great number of the accidents included in this statistic, the state has not licensed the driver; these are cases of car-"borrowing," which constantly leads to accidents because the borrower thinks he is being pursued and tries desperately to escape. That is not the kind of "young" driving that we had in mind. This theft factor may enter to some extent in the 18-to-21 group, but we confess we are distressed to find their accident rate so high. Canadian youth, we fancy, is less flaming than this Chicago product.

Generally speaking, however, we propose to stand by our original statement that the young, although some of them are irresponsible nuisances, are in the main cautious and aware of their responsibility. This vote of confidence covers most aspects of life and not merely car-driving. Modern youth is deadly serious; we might almost say it is needlessly glum. Youth has always and everywhere a tendency to take things too seriously; the notion that youth is a time of feckless gaiety is a cherished illusion of middle age. Our wits and our satirists are very rarely young people; the capacity for enjoyment and the ability to withstand misfortune stoically both come with maturity. Modern youth has a ponderous sense of its own importance in the destiny of mankind, which is probably a good thing. It is high time somebody took a serious view of the destiny of mankind.

The Fall of Toronto

WE DO not greatly care whether the invasion of Toronto last week was constitutional or not, nor whether important citizens who own large buildings were discommoded by the demands of the military that they produce the registration cards which the law requires them to carry and which they were not carrying. What interests us is that here at last the military seem to have been doing something that was not in the old pre-war textbooks, something on a pretty big scale, and something that gave their men a chance to test their mobility and their responsiveness to pretty complicated orders. It caused us no personal trouble, as we always carry our registration card anyhow, and have been pestering the authorities, in these columns and elsewhere, for months past to do something to make everybody else carry theirs. (The military are not impeccable about it themselves when they are not in uniform; the last time we were in Ottawa we were motored from the Rideau Club by two colonels, one of whom, the owner of the car, indiscreetly backed into the motor-cycle of a Mountie, and found when interrogated that he had neither his driver's license nor his registration card on him!) We are therefore all in favor of more and bigger raids, not only on Toronto, but on Verdun, Que., and Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Esquimalt, B.C. A little air co-operation would do no harm either. Give the troops a chance to learn their business. We may need them.

Take a Plane and Go

THE intimation which has been made public since we last went to press, proceeding from Mr. Churchill himself, that the British Government is desirous of the presence in London of the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, effects a complete change in the situation regarding

The poem to the right is the prize poem, chosen from among 1006 entries, of the 1941 literary competition sponsored by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, and was unanimously selected for that honor by the three judges, Mrs. W. A. Kirkwood, Dean of St. Hilda's College, B. K. Sandwell, editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, and A. T. Wilgress, former Parliamentary Librarian of the Ontario Legislature.

This poem has been printed by the Saturday Night Press in two-color offset lithograph on heavy quality Byronic text stock, with a reproduction of an actual photograph of the Dunkirk evacuation, the whole 9½ by 12½ inches, suitable for framing. Copies will be mailed flat, in envelopes with protectors. So long as the supply lasts, a copy will be sent to any reader who forwards ten cents (preferably coin) to cover cost of packing and mailing. Address "Little Boats of Britain", care of SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.



"FORWARD — AGAINST LIBERTY AND OUR FRIENDS!"

the duty of Mr. King in the premises. No purely Canadian consideration should now be allowed to stand in the way of his proceeding to London.

There need be no question—with Mr. King participating there could be no question of any attempt to set up an Imperial Cabinet tendering advice to His Majesty as a unit although composed of men responsible to half-a-dozen different legislative bodies. Any such device as that is a constitutional anomaly which need not be feared for the simple reason that it would not work. The essence of cabinet government is the responsibility of the cabinet to the legislative body, and an Imperial cabinet without an Imperial legislative body is an impossibility. Canadian autonomists need not therefore fear that Mr. King's presence in London means that Canadians are going to be governed from Downing street or Buckingham Palace or even Canada House. So long as the Canadian House of Commons can change the Canadian advisers of the Crown whenever it feels like it, the mere presence of the chief of those advisers in London is not going to remove from Canada any of the power of controlling its own affairs.

On the contrary, we believe that the Canadian people as a whole strongly favors the visit of Mr. King to London, and that he would greatly strengthen his hold upon the regard and confidence of the electors by proceeding there at the earliest opportunity, now that they know that the British Government wants him. Very few Canadians, we can assure him, are disturbed at the prospect of the British Government "putting something over on him"

in the present juncture. Rather there is some fear that perhaps Canada is putting something over on the British, by taking advantage of the fact that the British Government will not officially ask Canada for anything that it is not assured in advance that Canada will provide, and then throwing the responsibility upon Britain by announcing that she has not asked for any more than we are giving.

We do not think there would be any great alarm among the French-Canadians at such a visit, nourished though they have too long been on the heady wine of Mr. Bourassa's "impérialisme britannique." What little there might be could be considerably mitigated by taking Mr. Lapointe along with him thereby giving a more real meaning to that honor which we know Mr. Lapointe values above all his other titles, that "Right Honorable" which marks him as of the Imperial Privy Council. As for the rest of Canada, nothing that Mr. King could conceivably do would contribute so much to set him higher in the public esteem as a few press pictures of him standing with Mr. Winston Churchill amid the wreckage of that building from which the Statute of Westminster derives its name.

Take an aeroplane, Mr. King, and go over for a few days at least. There is no danger of the Opposition stealing a march on you while you are gone. You are insistent that your Government always gives the British Government what it asks for; but the British Government has now asked for you. Britain wants you to go. Canada wants you to go. There is nothing to prevent your going. Take an aeroplane and go.

THE LITTLE BOATS OF BRITAIN

A Ballad of Dunkirk

BY SARA CARSLLEY

On many a lazy river, in many a sparkling bay,
The little boats of Britain were dancing, fresh and gay.
The little boats of Britain, by busy wharf and town,
A cheerful, battered company, were trading up and down.
A cove of terror through the land ran like a deadly frost—
"King Leopold has left the field—our men are trapped and lost!"
No battle-ship can reach the shore, through shallows loud
With boom.
Then who will go to Dunkirk town, to bring our armies home?
From bastion, wharf and lonely bay, from river side and coast,
On eager feet came hurrying a strange and motley host.
Young lads and grandfathers, rich and poor, they breathed
One heroic prayer:
"O send us with our little boats to save our armies there!"
Never did such a motley host put forth upon the tide,
The jaunty little pleasure boats, in gaily painted pride.
The grimy haws and fishing smacks, the tarry hulks of trade,
With paddle, oar, and tattered sail, went forth on their
Crusade.
And on that horror-haunted coast, through roaring bomb
and shell,
Our armies watched around them close the fiery lanes of hell.

Yet backward, backward to Dunkirk, they grimly battled on,
And the brave hearts beat higher still when hope itself was gone.
And there beneath the burning skies, amid the mad uproar,
The little boats of Britain were waiting by the shore.
While from the heavens' dark with death, a flaming torrent
toll,
The little boats undaunted lay beside the wharves of hell.
Day after day, night after night, they hurried to and fro,
The screaming planes were loud above, the snarling seas
below.
And haggard men fought hard with sleep, and when their
strength was gone,
Still the brave spirit held them up and drove them on and on.
And many a grimy little tramp and skiff of painted pride,
Went down in thunder to a grave beneath the bloody tide,
But from the horror-haunted coast, across the snarling foam,
The little boats of Britain brought our men in safety home.
Full many a noble vessel sails the shining seas of fame,
And bears, to ages yet to be, an unforgotten name.
The ships that won Trafalgar's fight, that broke the
Armada's pride,
—And the little boats of Britain shall go sailing by their side!

THE PASSING SHOW

WE HAVE never been able to remember, concerning stalagmites and stalactites, which way each of them was going; and now we have to put Stalinites in the same category.

Signing a non-aggression pact with Germany is just promising to let Germany be the first aggressor.

Germany is asking for "token" forces from occupied countries to fight Russia. It's just as symbol as that.

Spain is sending a force to fight with Germany; for years Russia has been like a Red Flag to a bull in the peninsula.

It is not expected, however, that France will send a force to the German support, as she is very busy fighting the French.

An American doctor says that the draftees are a lot of softies. Even in the last war, you remember, they called them Doughboys.

A divorce has been granted to an Eskimo woman for the first time in history. We hope it was not one of those hasty affairs arising from a temporary coldness between the partners.

The Germans have promised us news of successes that will "baffle the imagination". So far, however, they have been slow in establishing their new baffle front.

BALLAD OF TURKISH RADIO

The last dispatch from Ankara,
From Ankara, from Ankara,
The latest word from Ankara,
(Passed by the Censor Bey)
Says that a German mass attack
Has failed to force the Russians back.
Though here and there the friendly Russ
Gave voluntarilee;
That in the frosty Caucasus
They squawk the self-same squawk as us,
Saying their all-out effort moves
But very tardilee;
In Ankara they hear it said
That Hitler is already dead
And Petain lords it in his stead,
Most autocraticlee;
That's what they say in Ankara,
(Now non-aggressive toward the Reich)
Scheherezade is at the mike
In Ankara today.

Arthritis, we learn, can now be checked by injections of gold. That will be the finish, of course, to any nonsense about Gilded Youth.

An R.A.F. mess in Canada is particularly proud of the pancakes it serves. Preparing for the Luftwaffe, we have no doubt.

In the event of a Russian defeat we are not altogether sure whether the Stalin regime will set up an exile government in England.

The birthrate in the U.S. at present is 18.5 babies to every thousand of the population, which is only .3 of a baby less than Germany. Surely this can be remedied. Even a bachelor would be able to look after .3 of a baby.

The news magazine Time is interested in finding out its youngest reader, and has already unearthed several who are under ten. Is that why they write Time in baby-talk?

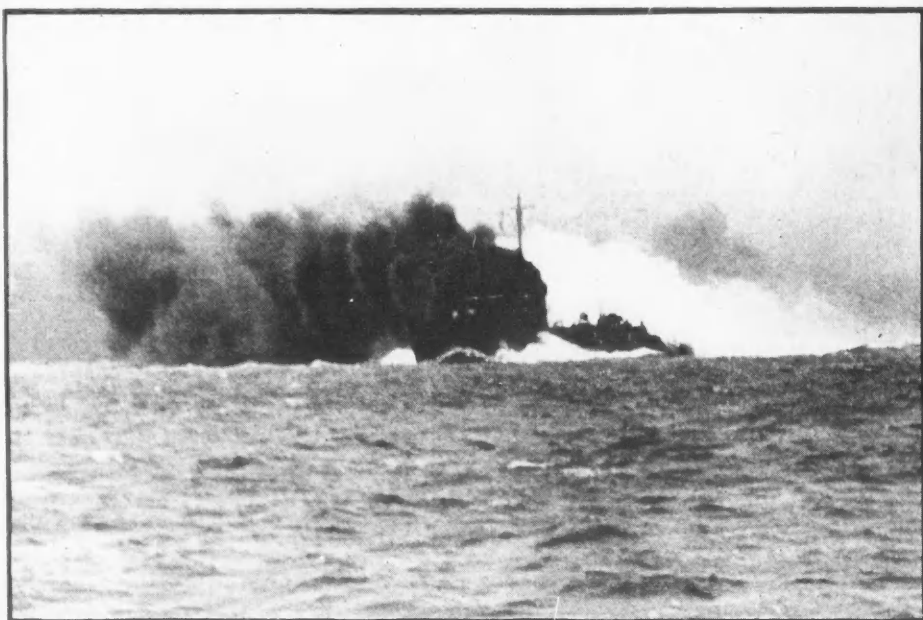
The CBC advises its radio talkers to "talk just like you talk to your milkman, your grocer or a child". This explains something which has puzzled us for a long time.

It has been discovered that negroes can see better in the dark than white men. But what we really need in the present world situation is someone who can see through a brick wall.

In times like these we must be thankful for small mercies. At least there can be no sentimental talk about Gallant Little Russia.

Mussolini has announced that he will send a division to aid the Germans in Russia. Including, we expect, some of his highly experienced nurses.

Britain's "Donkeys of the Navy" Never Rest



A destroyer lays a smoke screen during an engagement



After ten days at sea, a destroyer returns to its home port at dawn

SLIM, neat little ships they are, seldom over 2,000 tons. Yet what an orgy of work they perform. Patrolling, convoying, protecting the huge battleships, hunting for underwater raiders, are all jobs which two hundred odd British destroyers do every day.

These little ships have been tremendously hard-pressed during the eighteen months of warfare. Some of them were at sea for a hundred out of the first hundred and twenty days of the war, and sailed distances as long as 25,000 and 30,000 miles.

Destroyers on the dangerous Atlantic patrols of convoys were at sea for perhaps ten or twelve days at a time, with only about 36 hours in port between voyages. And even those few hours were not idly spent. The engine-room staff utilized the interval for boiler-cleaning, and this is no easy task in the cramped space of a

destroyer. In a boiler are hundreds of feet of small tubes, and all these have to be thoroughly scraped and cleaned inside, usually by passing a long wire brush through. The only way to reach the opening where the brushes go in, is by a small aperture about six feet by four, and the man working the brushes is in a particularly cramped state most of the time.

Very Necessary Repairs

While the ship is at anchor there are scores of jobs to be done. Restocking the food larder, ammunition, medical stores, and so on. Everything that may be required for a voyage of three weeks, or perhaps a month, must be carried on board. Added to this, some repairs to the ship herself may be necessary. These

BY S. R. HARDMAN

must be carried out speedily and thoroughly, for the bitter winter gales sometimes take toll of a destroyer's light structure.

While she is in the middle of this clean-up an order may come through to meet a convoy off a certain spot at a given time. Fair weather or foul, the destroyer must be there. Until the convoy is safely shepherded across the seas, the escorts will sail round and round their flock: always on the look-out for submarines, or an enemy surface raider.

But all these tasks, such as convoy work, important though they are, are not the destroyers' real job. Out in front, acting as "eyes and ears," are the fast-moving ships. Behind come the big 16-inch gun floating fortresses, vulnerable to a torpedo, in spite of their size. It is the job of

the destroyer to see that nothing dangerous is allowed to approach the range of the battleships.

Air War Changes Trend

Nowadays aircraft have taken over some of the sea duties of destroyers, but to compensate, other jobs have been added. The invasion, or threat of invasion, meant big patrolling work for our destroyers, from the little 50-ton motor torpedo boats upwards. The advantages of the destroyer in such work is obvious. This speed, easy manoeuvrability, and shallow draught, enable them to go into all sorts of places where larger and more heavily armed vessels could not go.

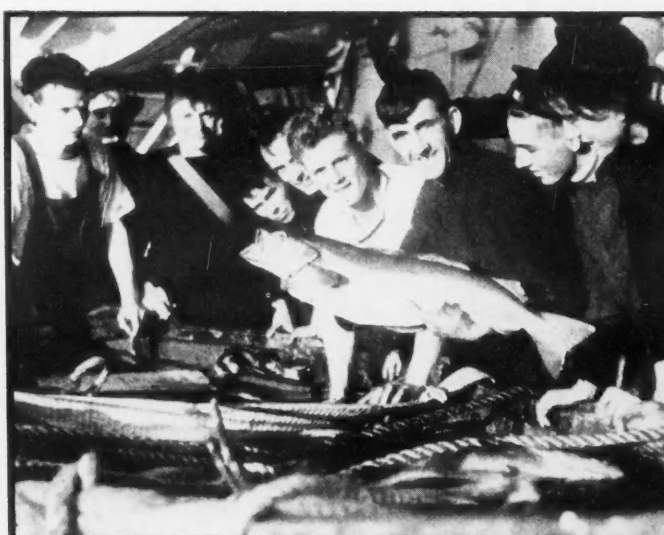
At the moment, we have insufficient of these fast ships for our many needs, and experts believe that Brit-

ish merchant shipping losses could be considerably reduced by the addition of more destroyers to our numbers. Shipyards are turning them out as fast as man and machine can go, and no doubt Britain will soon surpass the total built during the last war, when she finished up with 300 over and above her pre-war strength. Then, of course, the destroyer was in a "class of its own" for there was nothing to touch it for speed. Air warfare has changed the trend of things somewhat, and today the destroyers have to defend themselves and their charges from above, below and on the water line.

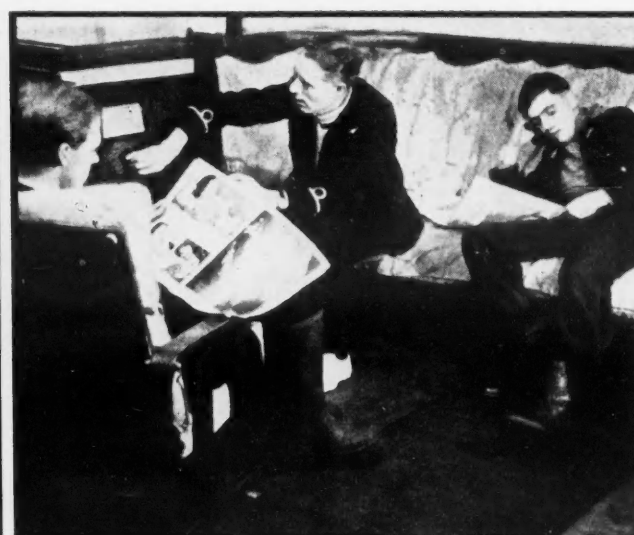
The ordinary man calls them the "greyhounds of the fleet," but their own crews usually refer to themselves as the "donkeys of the Navy!" And both terms are right, for they do many jobs varying so greatly, and do them all so extremely well.



Survivors of a torpedoed merchantman are picked up by a destroyer



Fish killed by depth charges are added to the menu



Quarters are cramped, but provide ample relaxation



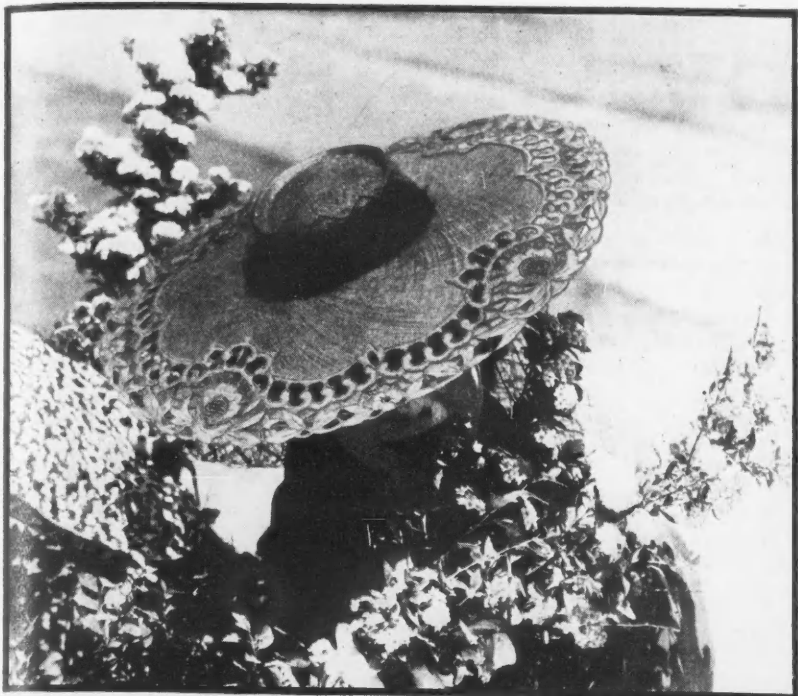
Destroyers and planes of the Coastal Command co-operate in guarding the convoys



Britain-bound troops, wearing life belts, line the rails to cheer a destroyer escort

"Originals"—Made in Canada

BY HAROLD SUTHERLAND



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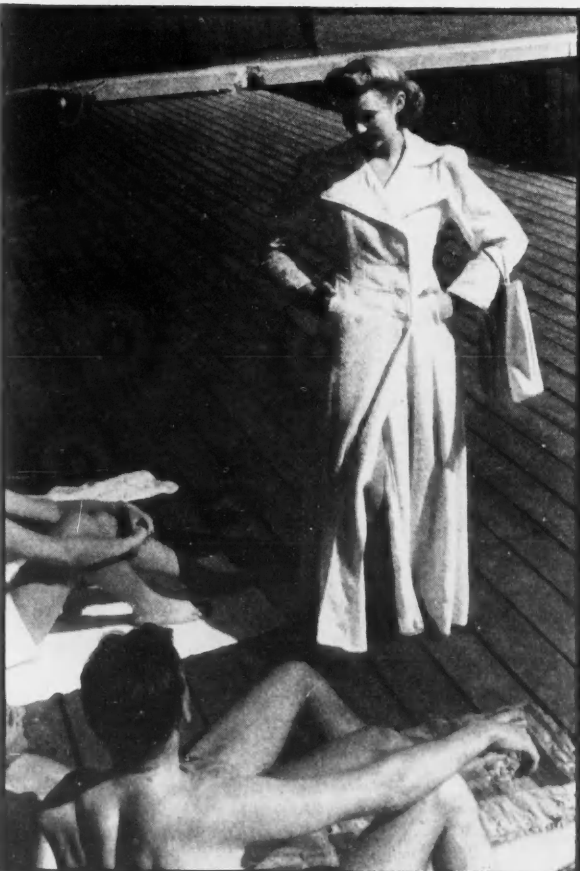
"Skintite" swim suit of white sharkskin by Rose Marie Reid of Vancouver.



Dinner pyjamas by Madame Sarette—and an evening gown. It's washable!



Two reasons why Canadian women's are among world's best-dressed feet.



Tailored terry cloth robe to wear after a swim.



A cool sharkskin slack suit designed by Gerhard Kennedy.



White polka dots on red, and a jacket.

NO LONGER is it fashionable—or possible—for the ladies to slip over to Detroit, New York or Seattle for two or three days and two or three dresses, not to mention hats, shoes, sun-suits and those other items of personal adornment so dear to the feminine heart. They are obliged to depend on Canadian fashions.

A hardship for the ladies? Well let us take stock and see what results Canadian designers and workers are having with Canadian fabrics these days. Also let us see if any distinctive Canadian fashions have come into being.

Our research quickly assures us that rather than hardship the ladies will encounter new summer costumes that are delightfully different.

One is the quality of the new Canadian fashions. Materials are good, usually Canadian made. They hang well, wear well, are chosen so that they will look well for the entire life of the garment.

Outstanding too is the workmanship and construction. Many for the first time will now associate Canadian-made clothes with beautifully done handwork. Also remarkably good is the cut and fit of the domestic garments and much credit here must go to professional buyers, who from their long experience with successful fashions of other lands, have taken time to coach our local manufacturers along cutting and fitting lines most likely to win the approval of Canadian women.

And dedicated to our particular way of life, Canadian fashions are developing a definite character of their own. As an illustration—one of our national traits is the commuting habit, with more and more people travelling each day to town from country homes. Clothes for such people are casual yet well-tailored with a "well-bred" air fitting both the town and the country life. Also in Canada almost every woman leads an increasingly busy and active life so her clothes are of necessity simple, wearable, and styled for more than one season—classic fashions that are not extreme, but are always good looking with a long style-life. Both in summer and winter are we aware that Canada is a vast and wonderful playground especially this summer when we must do our holidaying at home. This gave our sportswear designers their opportunity.

Design for Success

Success stories could be written about many of our native designers. One is Gerhard Kennedy of Winnipeg who first began styling sportswear for his young, sports-loving wife. They were so popular with her friends that in answer to insistent demands he finally styled a complete line of sportswear. In Vancouver there is Rose Marie Reid who first took to designing swim-suits because her husband, a swimming instructor, had his own ideas about swimming trunks. Now she spends all her time designing new bathing suits. There is Madame Sarette in Toronto who started to design dresses when her husband became an invalid and already has won a high reputation with stores across all Canada with her soft, sophisticated type of styling. And many are the others, not forgetting the spur given the movement by many small business men who brought continental techniques with them when they were driven from Europe in recent years.

In one way it is a war industry, for it was the war that brought about the conditions under which our fashion industry came into full flower. And if the industry keeps up its promising pace, there is no reason why "Canadian fashions" may not yet become a by-word in the fashion world just as Paris designs, New York styles and California sportswear are. It's working towards that end—and working hard.

Some Suggestions for enjoying your Summer



Week-end athletes should be careful. It is unwise to plunge straight from business into hours of strenuous exercise over the week end. Exercise is most beneficial when you take it easily and gradually. Stop before you are "all in," and avoid any unusual exertion soon after eating. That's the way full-time athletes keep in shape.



There's danger in the sun. You cannot get a nice coat of tan all at once—but you can get painfully, dangerously burned trying to. It is much better to expose yourself to the Summer sun gradually, in slowly increasing doses. To prevent sunstroke or heat exhaustion, it is well to keep the head covered in direct sunlight; to wear light, loose, porous clothing; and to get plenty of rest.



There are poisons abroad. It is well to be able to recognize poison ivy and poison sumac. Also, to look before you leap or step, or reach in sections where these hazards are present or where there are poisonous snakes. Dependable anti-venoms should be kept handy to prevent cuts and scratches from becoming infected. If infection does develop, a doctor should be seen promptly, before one of these poisons has time to do serious harm.



Eat and drink carefully. Drink plenty of cool, clear water—but, like experienced hikers, carry pure water with you or drink only from wells, brooks, or springs that you know are safe. It is wise to make sure that the milk you get in a strange locality is pure. You will feel better if you eat light foods, right for Summer, and if you are careful to avoid overeating.



Water sports bring their hazards. Learn to swim... always swim with companions or in sight of other people. Be sure you do not make sure the water is deep enough and that there are no submerged objects you might hit. Any boat you are in should be manned by someone who can handle it safely. Those who cannot swim would do well to stay out of small boats altogether.

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Michaelmas Term begins on September 10th

Victory by Christmas

BY HENRY PETERSON

Here is more prophecy by the man who predicted (S. N., March 29-April 5) that Germany would attack Russia this spring.

Now he says that the British Army will be fighting Hitler on the continent by the second week in August; that if the Russians can hold out for only seven weeks, German supplies and German regimented morale will be so low that Britain can invade without fear of another Dunkirk.

The Nazi war machine will utterly collapse by Christmas, Mr. Peterson tells us.

AT THE time of writing Hitler's attack on Russia is only seven days old and no details have yet emerged from the gigantic fog. As to the actual strength of the two armies and their dispositions, it is doubtful if the two General Staffs know even half the secrets of the other, so any forecasting must rely entirely on first principles and basic factors.

But one thing already towers above the fog—at last Winston Churchill can face Hitler squarely, with not only sufficient force but the initiative slipping into his hands.

The crux of the matter is surely this: At what point of Russian resistance can the British army be thrown across the Channel? In other words, after how many weeks of Russian fighting will the German oil supply or its regimented morale drop so low that the British army can invade the Continent without fear of another Dunkirk?

My humble guess is seven weeks at blitz tempo, and I believe the Russian armies will hold out these seven weeks, so I believe the Nazi war machine will utterly collapse by Christmas.

To predict so swift a German defeat with the German High Command claiming that it has already disrupted the whole Russian front, may look the height of ridiculousness, especially to those who prefer caution having last year's battles in mind. So may I be permitted one or two personal remarks? My attitude over forecasting is a very simple one. As commanders-in-chief and prime ministers with all the information at their finger tips have made such bad guesses throughout the 4,000 years of mankind's organized fighting, I see no reason why you and I should not make our guesses. At least we men in the street do not run the danger of not seeing the wood for the trees. It would, however, be ungracious to name the dozen or more General Staffs in this very war which have distinguished themselves only by their professional obtuseness, whose mental foundation of dogma and isms has cost their countries so dear.

Philosophical Basis

Far from claiming any prophetic vision, may I lay bare the solid philosophical foundation for my conviction that victory will be ours by Christmas? May I quote the man I consider to be the profoundest thinker on war of all time who has written a military treatise? I quote the Chinese general, Sun Tzu, who wrote his treatise 25 centuries ago: "To see victory only when it is within the ken of the common herd is not the acme of excellence. Neither is it the acme of excellence if you fight and conquer and the whole Empire says, 'Well done!' To lift an autumn hair is no sign of great strength; to see sun and moon is no sign of sharp sight; to hear the noise of thunder is no sign of a quick ear. . . Hence the skilful fighter puts himself into a position which makes defeat impossible (already achieved by the Anglo-American combination), and does not miss the moment for defeating the enemy (Churchill will not miss the moment). Thus it is that the victorious strategist only seeks battle after the victory has been won, whereas he who is destined to defeat first fights and afterwards looks for victory."

Up to the conquest of Crete Hitler had won all his battles before he moved a soldier, but now attacking Russia with Britain rising like a colossus, with the Russian imponderables so great due to the three elements of Time, Distance and weather, and with Teutonic morale so uncertain under merciless bombing, he is fighting first and looking for victory afterwards, so, according to Sun Tzu, he is destined to defeat.

Coming to what we call facts, one question must be on every lip. Having decided last winter to attack Russia, why did Hitler waste those precious six weeks this spring gobbling

up the Yugo-Slav, Greek and Cretan chicken-feed, thus discarding the audacious touch which till then had gained him his grand conquests? Naturally, to safeguard his Balkan rear, but that could have been achieved by merely holding the Bulgarian passes, which could have been done with quite small forces against an Anglo-Greek attack, for with Prince Paul and his gang in power in Belgrade Hitler need have feared no Yugo-Slav stab in the flank. There also was no chance that the Turks would march with the British and Greeks to meet bitter Bulgarian resistance.

Double Safeguard

So the taking of Yugoslavia, Greece and Crete was merely to establish a double safeguard to the Nazi rear, and we can expect to hear that once again the caution of the German General Staff won the day in the table-thumping inner councils. But, in war especially, you can't have your cake and eat it. The throwing away of those six weeks, I believe, has made certain of Germany's defeat this year.

What is the balance sheet in this gobbling up of chicken feed? It gained another three victories, but the German people cannot forget that the more victories Ludendorff brought home the last time the surer was Germany's eventual downfall. These victories, of course, depressed the retreating and craven in the Empire and America, and gave American isolationists a certain amount of squib ammunition. As against these unsubstantial gains the losses are severe—losing Syria, making Egypt secure, opening up direct British land communications with Turkey and throwing away three things irreplaceable this year: a considerable amount of oil, the first super-parachute division and, most important of all, those six weeks of time.

So instead of opening the attack on Russia early in May, it came in the last week of June. Let us assume that Hitler carries out his dream of conquering Russia by the end of July. This means that he has no intention of invading England this year, for that invasion cannot begin one day later than August 15, since even the most optimistic paper plan must allow at least six weeks to bring the surrender of the British army. Six weeks from the middle of August would bring us to the end of September when the Channel gales would make maintenance of sea-borne supplies against a still-active defender just suicide. Of more immediate importance, from the end of July to the middle of August is only a fortnight, and it will need not a fortnight but several months to swing an invading force back from Russia to the North Sea. Thus even if Russia had been attacked in May there was no chance of an invasion of England this year.

Hitler Has Erred

So it looks as though Hitler has allowed himself quite a margin of time in conquering Russia—a prudent calculation—he can take twice five weeks. All he wants this year are the oil, grain, minerals and industrial potential of Russia. Having secured these he could offer peace, posing as the white-headed boy who smashed Communism, and would have all winter in which to work this confidence trick. Thus at last that gobbling up of chicken-feed and the throwing away of those six weeks can be accounted for.

But is this sound reasoning? Can Hitler afford to take twice five weeks in conquering Russia? He cannot, and, of course, he knows it, for he knows that if the Russian resistance is still tying up his main forces in six weeks Churchill will throw the fresh British army across the Channel.

So we now come to the very pivot of the situation—can Russia be conquered in five weeks, can she be so subjugated that the British army must stay in England, so that Hitler will have time not only to garner Russia's rich resources but to prepare a full blow against England in the spring of 1942?

I believe the loss of those six weeks has made this impossible. Those six weeks gave the Russian General Staff time to study in detail the more or less open German concentration and make its own final preparations. If Yugoslavia had not been occupied and the main German concentration had been spread round her all the way from Bulgaria into Hungary and Austria as if to attack her, there could have been more concealment—in only a week the attacking divisions could have been swung against the Russian border. When Hitler struck last Sunday he had sent a post card to Moscow weeks ago.

Time for Churchill

Those six weeks have also given Churchill time to intensify his preparations for an invasion of the Continent, and this mustering of strength, which must have begun as early as February, will be formidable by the end of July because not only Britain's own factories but American and Empire factories as well will by then be pouring out such a vast stream of equipment that all losses will be made up in case the fight must be carried on into next year. Which means—happy thought!

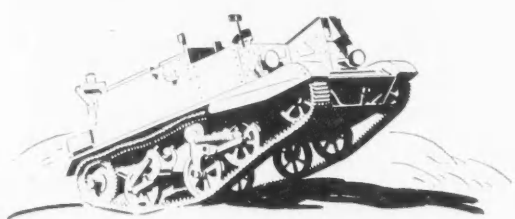
that all reserves can now be thrown into invasion of the Continent.

As to the Russian plan, it has been worked at continuously for twenty years. It is to hold the German attack for the first hundred or two hundred miles, exhausting it, then will come a series of gigantic counter-attacks. Of course, the Nazi High Command knowing all about this general strategic concept is seeking to penetrate so swiftly that those gigantic counter-attacks will never be launched, much more co-ordinated. It was to strengthen this strategic plan against a sure German attack that Russia annexed the border states and destroyed the Mannerheim Line.

So we come to the major tactical question: will the delaying Russian action be successful so that after the planned retreat the main forces will still be intact and thus able to carry out the strategic scheme? I believe they will be intact because these main forces are beginning the battle far in the rear and are covered by advance units trained for a specific task. Not only has Russia the territory, like China, in which to carry out this defence in depth, but close study of German tactics since the fall of Poland has given the Russian General Staff the answer to those tactics letting the Panzer spearheads run wild, then setting the advance units to nip them off by constant counter-attacks on their long lines of supplies, thus clipping those big sweeps to the enemy's rear to disrupt focal points, sweeps which the French General Staff but strengthened by striking at the spear-

(Continued on Page 9)

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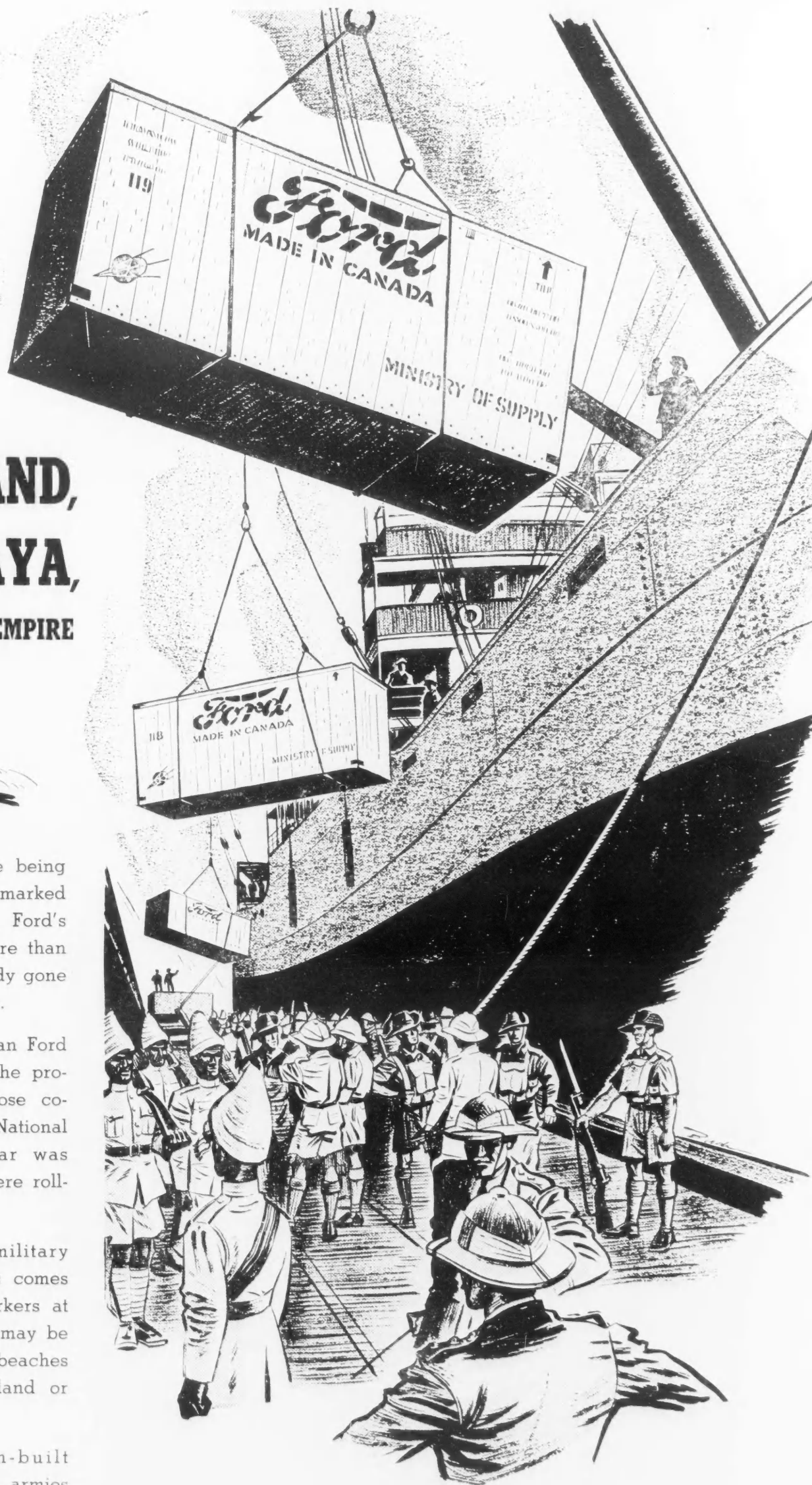


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THE AMERICAN SCENE

Roosevelt Loves to be President

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT has held the hardest job in the world for the longest time on record. This statement is impressive enough on first glance; on examination it becomes more impressive, even startling and full of miracles. Because the Presidency in normal times is the most desperately wearying of all known jobs of state responsibility. It has brought premature death to every man who has held it, save Herbert Hoover.

Residence in the White House is more wearying than that in No. 10 Downing Street because the Presidency carries greater personal powers and therefore greater responsibility. The Prime Minister of Great Britain has the daily guidance of the Commons; he can become part of the nation's pulse by entering into the debates; he can be voted out of office at any time, hence he shares his responsibility daily and directly with the elected representatives of the people.

The President enjoys no such assurance. He is elected for a fixed term. He has no direct contact with the people's representatives. The nation looks to him for leadership, for policy-making and for inspiration. His personal powers, both constitutional and political, are almost dictatorial in scope. He is commander-in-chief of the Army and the Navy. In foreign relations his power is almost absolute. And as automatic head of his political party, the wealth of patronage at his disposal dwarfs the riches of a prince of the Indies.

Four years of such responsibility to a free, vibrant and volatile nation has bowed many a stalwart physique. Eight years has moved them to the edge of the grave.

And here we have Franklin Delano

Roosevelt, harried by the crippling effects of a dread disease, buffeted by the most momentous problems in the history of the nation, acclaimed and criticized as no American since Lincoln—here we have this man conducting his ninth year of the Presidency with undiminished vigor and the highest courage. Mr. Roosevelt is a medical as well as a political miracle.

Courage and Ability

Roosevelt has always had physical courage. Those who knew him in the days of his youthful vigor have testified to that. But his mental courage came to him late in life; at least it developed and expanded out of his long tussle with the deadly germ of infantile paralysis. During the years of the middle twenties, when his massive body lay shattered and helpless, his mind explored new fields of courage. He shadow-boxed with death every day for three long years and he was not afraid. He learned the exhilaration of fighting against great odds; he found immense strength in the spark of life.

And when he assumed the leadership of the nation in the twilight of America's economic strength, he instinctively rejected the philosophy of failure. By his example of unparalleled faith and hope in March of 1933 he rallied the nation. And now in 1941 he is able to laugh at the defeatists, the Lindberghs and the Wheelers, and to make the nation know that we cannot lose.

Despite the persistent criticism that he retains all the authority in his own hands, Roosevelt knows how to share the work of the White House. He has a personal cabinet composed of what he considers the best brains in the nation and he consults with it almost daily. Genial "Pop" Watson and Stephen Early, two of his secretaries, are in this cabinet. So are Justice Felix Frankfurter, Harry Hopkins, Secretary Morgenthau and Tommy "the Cork"

Corcoran. Secretary Knox and Mayor La Guardia and Judge Samuel Rosenman of the New York Supreme Court are others.

With the possible exception of Winston Churchill, Roosevelt is the most eloquent statesman in the world today. When the President has an important speech to prepare, the White House usually has as overnight guests Playwright Robert E. Sherwood and Judge Rosenman. The President sets the idea, Judge Rosenman points the interpretation, and Mr. Sherwood turns the phrase. When Alexander Woollcott is available he sits in to apply a general polish. The result is a scintillating script which, when delivered by the most eloquent voice on the air, tells the story with simplicity, with inspiration, and with natural showmanliness.

Roosevelt's strength at the polls may be set down to the fact that he is closer to the people than any politician in the nation. He knows instinctively what the people want—and he gives it to them in legislation and in leadership. He is seldom mistaken on how the people feel about urgent questions of the day because he himself is characteristically average American in thought and action.

Loves to be President

This great gift is revealed in unimportant facets of his White House life. He is fond of motion pictures, for instance, and movie stars; in fact, of celebrities of all sorts. As the average American does, he likes to meet them and shake hands with them.

One other important characteristic has carried him down the years so triumphantly and so vigorously. Roosevelt loves to be President.

Of course, every American would like to be President; it is the zenith of a man's career; it gives him a place in history; it is the ultimate satisfaction of the most burning ambition. But once he has attained his all-high position, the crescendo is cut. And in the thunderous silence that



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follows there are frightful misgivings and backbreaking responsibilities.

It is different with Roosevelt. He has replaced frightful misgivings with faith. The backbreaking responsibilities are for him exhilarating privileges in the pursuit of duty. He thrives on the tasks that have killed other men. He enjoys his place at the head of the table, consoling and advising and guiding the great American family. He has faith in himself, in the goodness of his people, and in the destiny of the nation.

He loves to be President.

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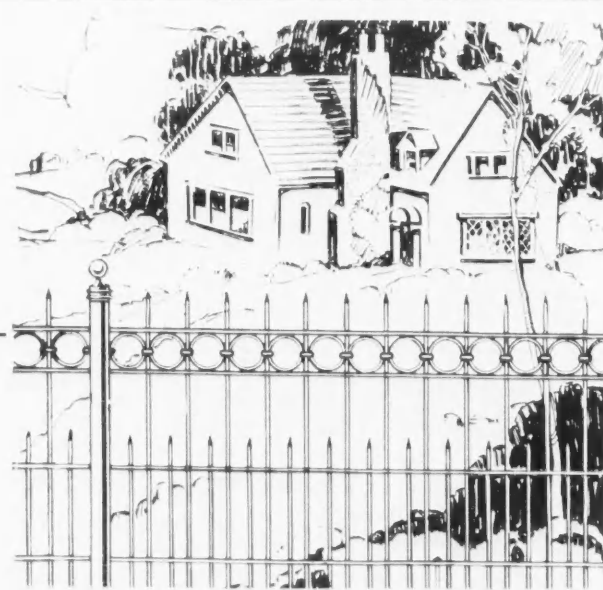
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Victory by Christmas

(Continued from Page 6)

heads themselves, always late, thus the counter-attacking forces were always being outflanked.

This Russian slashing at the Panzer supply lines will most seriously put the four-square German plans out of gear. This is the most important element of all—throwing out the German time-table, which is the ultimate Allied strategic objective. Wishful thinking? No, the Teutonic nature must work to a time-table—it is the very essence of the blitzkrieg, which, like all else emanating from the human brain, cannot escape the defects of its qualities. There can be no basic change either in structure or execution of the blitzkrieg without loss of efficiency or striking power.

Morale? Russian morale will be superb. All Russians under thirty-five have known no other rule than the Communist. They have grown up under the world's insults, they have always hated the German most of all and this defence of their native soil against so treacherous an attack gives them that explosive chance to show their mettle which they have been longing for for years.

Arms and equipment? Poorer in quality but greater in quantity than the Nazi. Seven weeks' fighting will see quality evening up and quantity telling, while the main reserve depots and war factories are at a distance of several months' fighting from the western frontiers.

Fifth Columnists? Yes, there were plenty of them but in tightening up their organization in the last two or three months to be ready for their jobs most of them must have given the OGPU the chance to catch and shoot them. Even twenty-two top generals were once shot for scheming with the Reichswehr.

So I believe the Russian army will hold fast and that by the second week of August the British army will be thrown across the Channel to open up a second front with a vengeance. This bombing by the R.A.F. of the "invasion" ports and communications nearly a fortnight before Germany attacked Russia was not to blast at invasion concentrations—the main German forces had already been lined up against Russia—but to soften them up for British invasion.

The British effectives for a land blitz are, of course, a closely guarded secret, but when we do a little arithmetic remembering that conscription had come in just before the war, that is twenty-two months ago, we see that the number of trained men cannot be under 2,000,000. Equipment? With the threat to Egypt removed, there must be enough equipment in England also

to arm several hundred thousand waiting on the Continent for the signal.

The moment of leadership will soon come, when timing—not missing the *moment* for defeating the enemy—will matter most of all, and the free peoples of the world should go on their knees in thanksgiving that Winston Churchill is leading the avengers. A hundred million throughout Europe are waiting behind the German lines for the day to strike and strike and strike.

So we come to German morale. It has been bolstered up by easy victories and by compulsion, but the maggot of fear will now eat into it because the German people know they are fighting the three strongest powers on earth whose strength will grow monthly and because they know that the R.A.F. and Russian Air Force far outnumber the Luftwaffe. How many weeks of merciless bombing will it stand, bombed

from two sides? Wars are won or lost through strength or weakness of character more than through strength or weakness of arms, for character is the prime factor when arms are more or less balanced. Every neutral observer coming out of Germany in the last year has testified to the inability of the Teuton to "take it" when severely bombed. That is only natural, for the Hun nature, being hard, is a brittle one.

Hence my belief that the marvelous Nazi war machine, which must be fed not only with oil and raw materials but by civilian labor, will utterly collapse by Christmas.

Will the United States share in this victory? It will be a tragedy for the world if she does not. Peace in the future—which, after all, is the ultimate aim—has already been made safer by the brotherhood of arms between the British Empire and Russia. Let us, in Heaven's name, at last take this opportunity to throw away our petty isms and the vanity to judge another people when we ourselves are still a long way from wearing a pair of wings on our

backs. We at least were not forced to be backward through no fault of our own, through suffering serfdom for centuries under a savage aristocracy armed only with the divine right of the knout. We too would have revolted under such monstrous injustice, and we cannot say what form that revolt would have taken; we do not know for we never suffered that monstrous injustice.

Good-will among the victors will alone give peace a chance. Victory without Russian participation would have made that peace precarious. That uneasiness, that obstacle, has been removed, for the Soviet leaders will be only too glad to modify their internal system after victory because it could then be done without losing face, without our sneers. Victory too will give the impulse.

So let us pray that the United States too will join in the punishment of the German people—which is the prerequisite for future peace in the world—and thus assume their full responsibility in the comity of nations and make sure of that universal peace which mankind has a right to

expect the rulers of the great nations to bring about. You, mighty United States of America, hurry, hurry into the war—the *moment* has come!

When will the world have such a chance again—with the only first-class, or potentially first-class, nations on earth as brothers-in-arms: the British Empire, the United States, Russia and China, the four great Powers that have nothing to gain from aggression?

What more do we want? What more can we expect? Wings on our backs? It will be a long time before we grow those, if ever. We live only once on this fair earth. Let us be human and not one welter of isms whose irrational emotionalism—social, political or religious—only gives us the vain illusion that we have wings on our backs, that all truth lies in our own personal prejudices.

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Impressions of Lindbergh—Incredible Defeatist

BY ALLAN WATSON

ON FRIDAY June 20, two distinguished visitors arrived in Los Angeles. They were Countess Helen Chlapowska, widow of the former Polish ambassador to France, and Mr. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Countess Chlapowska's public utterances were brief and to the point: "I escaped from prison after nine weeks of confinement during which my husband died of ill treatment. But I can't tell you all the horrible details of the experience. If I should do that I am afraid of

what might happen to many of our friends still in Europe," she added, as terror crept into her eyes.

That night Mr. Lindbergh addressed 25,000 people in the Hollywood Bowl. I take it that Countess Chlapowska was not there, because I heard no voice raised in protest from that tremendous throng, except my own when, driven a bit beyond endurance by the remarks of one of the other speakers, which were being vehemently applauded by a chap sitting behind me, I turned round and risked expulsion by making a brief rebuttal.

To me it was an almost unbelievable sight those 25,000 people—vociferous citizens of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave—rapturously applauding the "America First" Committee's fixed policy of "taking it lying down." And it was, to me, a disconcerting thought that only the week before I had heard Clark Eichelberger, who is William Allen White's successor as head of the "Committee to Aid the Allies," address another meeting in Hollywood at which there were all of 800 people present.

On With the Show

But to get on with the Lindbergh show...

He had a troupe with him. Mrs. Kathleen Norris, Miss Lillian Gish, Senator Worth Clark of Idaho, John L. Wheeler, son of Senator Wheeler, and Mrs. Lindbergh (who did not speak). The evening opened with community singing led by one Hugo Kirchhofer. Then Mr. Wheeler turned the meeting over to a verbose chairman named Joseph Scott, who delivered the sort of introductory speech which you really have to go to Hollywood to hear. He told us how proud he was to be an American but how prouder he was to be a Californian. He took a few cracks at the effete East and applauded the 25,000 for having had sense enough to leave that part of the country. The connection with the purpose of the meeting was a little obscure.

Then Kathleen Norris spoke. And to do her justice, she spoke well. Mrs. Norris is by way of being the official mother of America and as such she dwelt on the dead and wounded of the A.E.F. in the first war (which approximated a year's casualties suffered, now, by the victims of speed on American highways—and this, of course, is my thought, not hers) and closed by saying "Never again, *Never again*, NEVER AGAIN." But she spoke extemporaneously, which is always a relief, whereas the succeeding speakers read every word.

Ungrammatical Senator

Then the chairman introduced Senator Clark. "As a fitting successor to the late, great, Senator Borah." After listening to him for nearly an hour (for he turned out to be the time-filler) I could think of no fitter tribute. Senator Clark went all over the ground. The munition-makers, the financiers, and the other miscreants of the first war, "who are now trying to get us into this one." In the best Upton Sinclair vein he described the failure of Versailles and then went on to speak of the War Debts, leaving the audience with the impression, as all these gentry do, that England never paid a cent of hers back (whereas she paid almost half of it back, before the doing so forced her off the gold standard). Then he spoke well of the Neutrality Act, that word piece of legislation whereby the world's richest nation gave up her right to the freedom of the seas. That led, logically, to a criticism of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. "Three years ago we hadn't an enemy in the world. Now we have only two friends: the Atlantic and the Pacific. . . . we have insulted nearly every great nation on earth." It was while the audience was heartily applauding his statement that Germany, Italy and Japan had never done anything to the United States, but that "we have insulted them and now we are 'needing' France" that I turned around and made my feeble protest

to the guy sitting behind me.

Mr. Clark is the American statesman at his worst. He cannot even talk grammatically. He spoke of "Japan, with who we have always been at peace" and he pronounced "holocaust" *hollycost*. Enough of the Honorable Senator Clark.

Lillian Gish then read a piece. I regret to say that this once-charming little lady was the low of the evening. She reminded the gathering of how the Germans had been maligned in the first war (Bryce Report, etc.) and then produced her version of the Battle of France. "At Dunkirk France was left to her fate." Let me repeat that: "At Dunkirk France was left to her fate!" The woman actually said it. I HEARD her say it, and I wrote it down.

We pass Miss Lillian Gish. By this time it was 10 P.M. The speaking had commenced at 8 P.M. but Lindbergh's radio time was 10 to 10.30. So sharp at 10 the "Lone Eagle" was introduced. He is the same nondescript looking person that he was ten years ago, attired in a dark single-breasted suit sans waistcoat which, unbuttoned and with a soft collar and badly-knotted tie, gives him the appearance of having walked upstairs and saved ten.

He was given an ovation in which I could not find any dissenting voice. Awkwardly, unsmilingly, he tried to quieten the crowd and finally they let him speak. And, I must admit, he spoke well. Question the man's logic, question his patriotism, question even his courage, you cannot question his sincerity. He thinks, in short, that Hitler is master of the world and that if America remains very quiet this cruel master may not notice her. Or at least may leave her alone.

Not that he described Hitler as a cruel master. In fact during the whole evening not a single note of criticism of Hitler or of Germany was struck. The criticism was all of Roosevelt, for risking wrath.

Lindbergh has developed a theory that the airplane, disastrous as its invention has been to England, is a blessing to America because "with a strong air force no sea-borne force could successfully invade us." He seemed to believe this. And there may be something in it though he didn't say just *when* he expected America would have a strong air force. Possibly at the end of that "10 or 20 or 30 years of struggle after which, by some miracle of fate and after losing millions of lives, we might at last be able to bring Germany to her knees." Yes, that is Mr. Lindbergh's prediction of things to come if his country tries to fight Hitler!

Negotiated Peace

Mr. Lindbergh pleaded for a negotiated peace. A few days before, the news of the sinking of the "Robin Moor" had reached America. But Mr. Lindbergh still believes that his country can treat with his German pals. To him, apparently, might is right.

That fine newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*, covering the meeting, disposed of Mr. Lindbergh's plea very neatly: "He believes that if we mind our own business the aggressors will mind theirs since, in his view, they cannot successfully interfere with us. One wonders if he has read of the sinking of the *Robin Moor* by a German submarine, officially described yesterday by the President of the United States as the start of a calculated Nazi campaign to drive our merchantmen from the seas except as Hitler may see fit to permit us peacefully to trade. He repeats his argument that nations are now vulnerable

chiefly, if not only, to air attack and that our oceans make us safe from such assault so long as we build up our own air power and the bulk of attack equipment must be carried to our shores in surface vessels.

"As an aviation authority, he must know that Germany's principal current activity in this hemisphere is the establishment of controlling airlines in South America—lines operated at heavy and continuous commercial losses but within five hours' flying time of the Panama Canal. What are they for?"

"He repeats that we are safe as long as we stay in our own backyard. Has he not heard of the official closing of all Nazi consulates and propaganda agencies in this country as spy nests and fifth-column headquarters?"

"Mr. Lindbergh is honest, capable and thoroughly sincere. But he does not seem to be quite up to date."

Incredible Defeatism

He was never personally offensive, as were Senator Clark and Miss Gish and the minor speakers. But the defeatism of the man is terrible to listen to! How incredible that the one-time hero of a nation of 130,000,000 people, the world's leading democracy, producing in two steel plants alone as much steel as all the rest of the world put together can produce, capable of imposing their will-for-peace on the whole world, offered—to all intents and purposes—a partnership with the only other worth-while power in the world, the British Empire . . . how incredible that such a man should advocate giving in to a lying group of foreign gangsters—should believe that American shipping should take safe refuge behind the shadow of the Statue of Liberty!

And how incredible that 25,000 people, even in the Never-Never land of Southern California, could listen to such stuff and APPLAUD! The effete East? Thank God, I say, for the effete East. And for President

Roosevelt and Mr. Hull and Mr. Willkie and the like.

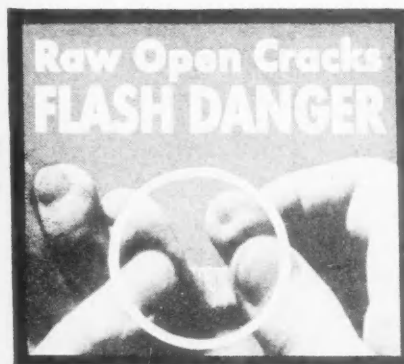
I was considerably shaken as I left the Bowl. But I was with a very sensible American friend and it was balm to my soul and salve to my wounds to hear his comments. "The man hasn't got anything. What he says doesn't make sense. I thought I might hear something tonight which might make me think I didn't have this thing lined up right. But cripes! those guys are just plain screwy."

And so we went on to a Ventura Boulevard nightclub where the proprietress, who once headlined the bill at the Empire in Leicester Square albeit she too is an American, sang "There'll Always Be An England"—not, as it should not be sung, as a prayer, but in the tempo of Rule Britannia. In fact she interpolated a line of "Britannia" into the thing. And the crowd cheered.



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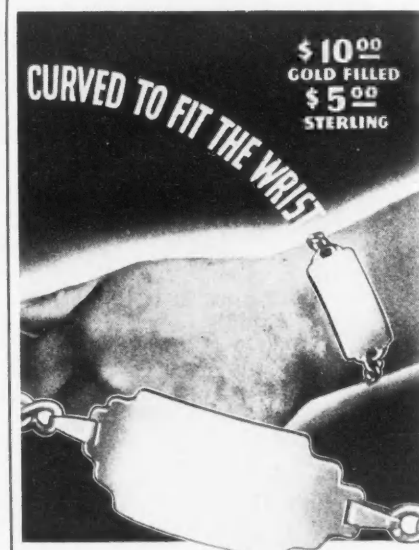
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The following document is an exact copy, names only omitted, of a letter written by a young Canadian to his mother upon taking the decision to "join up".

The writer is eighteen, has completed his first year at the university, is doing newspaper work and is ambitious to become a writer. His father enlisted in the last war at sixteen and saw some three years of active service, and is himself in the service again now.

CONSIDER this letter carefully, and do not object too quickly when I say that I have decided to join the R.C.A.F. I know you have been afraid that I would decide that, and I hate to tell you when you are not well, but I am going to join now for a call in the summer after I finish my exams.

I anticipate your arguments. Aloud you will declare that I shall not get my education. To yourself you will think: "Maybe he will get killed; and he is so young."

I have looked at every argument and been on every side, including the side you take; and I have the matter pretty well sized up.

Concerning the first argument, that I shall not get my education. That is a secondary consideration in war-time. We have set out to win this war, and if we do not, any education I might have will be of little good. If sufficient men are not available that is likely to happen, and now they "desperately need young men with Grade XI or better for aircrew." If I carry on and finish my education and then join and perhaps get killed, it would be of no use. If we lose the war, it will be the fault of those *who did not join when they could*. And there is no waiting. This war is not fought by waiting.

Anyway, suppose I do get back with no education but my Grade XII. I am lost forever, you say? To be a success a man must have letters after his name? Silly! With a writer it is the work that counts, not the title of the man that does it. University education does not mean so much nowadays. I have seen a man with Grade VIII running an engine for \$7.50 a day, and another with seven years of college and five letters as a suffix earning only about two-thirds

When a Freshman Decides to Join Up

that much. I have seen a man with Grade IV earning \$100 more a month than one with a B.A. But resolving the proposition to the farthest extremity, assume that I do not earn as much as I would with three years more of book-learning and a diploma to prove it, I have seen families of seven living more happily than families of three on three-fifths the income. It is all in the outlook.

HOWEVER, I need not go without the initials after my name in spite of everything. I am joining as aircrew. The requisite education is Grade XI, and aircrew pay is good.

I can save enough in a year or two in the service, in addition to what I already have, to pay for my education.

Also I want to see the world, which I would not be able to do in the ordinary course of life. And I want military experience for the good it will do my character, body and mind, and for the education it is. Besides, the formal training I would get, the mathematics, the photography, the flying, would all be of use to me after.

In refutation of your inner thoughts: Absurd! I'm not too young. And dying is all in the philosophy.

If our lives are to any purpose, it is to do good, and good at this time is to win this war and what it stands for. Helping to do so is doing good.

You may say: "Let some of those others, like J. M., who have their educations, go." And *they* say: "Let those who have no jobs, or not good jobs." And *they* in turn say, let them have a chance, and why should they fight for those with good positions? It won't work; we can't expect others to make sacrifices we won't make ourselves.

A couple of years in the service will give me ten years' experience of life. It will give me material for my

future work, writing. At the same time I will be helping to win this fracas, and that is really the job in hand.

I will be nineteen before going overseas if I go. There is always the chance that they might make me an instructor; they will keep changing them, to let the present ones have a crack at service flying. Please see my side of this question. And please excuse the typing, because I am thinking as I write, and that isn't the best way to turn out perfect copy, as you get two or three words or at least a couple of letters ahead of yourself every now and again. Love,



Modern man does not live by bread alone —

At the dawn of civilization, men were content to be alive at the end of each day — as they and their families crowded 'round a fire and ate the meat they had hunted. But modern man, particularly in Canada, does not consider the primitive necessities of food, clothing and shelter sufficient for well ordered living.

Today, electricity with all its blessings in speeding manufacture, in giving light, in easing household tasks, in freeing men from drudgery, is taken for granted.

Further, the ease of communication, the facility for vast public amusements, the freedom and swiftness of travel are considered as necessary as well-built, well-lighted, well-heated homes, offices and factories.

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THE HITLER WAR

The Battle of the Western Frontiers

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE great question in the German-Russian War remains: is the present gigantic Battle of the Western Frontiers to be the only battle? Can Russia be knocked out with one terrific blow?

Ordinarily, this would be incredible. How can the Germans ensure the stoppage of hostilities across the vast breadth of Russia? They can't quickly occupy the whole country; they couldn't do it even if they had no resistance to overcome but that of distance and poor communications, as in March and April 1918. They could only achieve a quick end to the fighting by taking over the administration, either through a defeated and cowed Stalin, or by finding some Quisling to work for them as Skoropadski did in the Ukraine in 1918, and may do again.

Since the Germans want above all to avoid opening up a front in the East, a bleeding wound such as Japan has in China, they must have some plan for ending hostilities in Russia. How much do they plan to slice off? Do they intend to occupy Moscow and Leningrad? How would they prevent insurgent leaders from carrying on or resuming the fight from more distant regions? The more one stares at the map of this vast territory, the more one wonders just where the Germans intend to stop and how many troops they figure on using for the occupation of Russia.

Air Dispositions

Hitler gave as his major reason for undertaking the campaign the necessity for freeing Germany from the menace at her back, and in particular, for releasing the air power tied down on the Soviet border so as to give him a decisive superiority in the West. Now in the first place, it is a remarkable admission by Hitler that this war which was to be de-

cided quickly and gloriously last summer has now grown so that, as a mere preliminary to finishing it off, the "greatest military campaign in history" has first to be undertaken. But various British and American military experts, writing in recent months of the disposition of Germany's five and a half air fleets, have suggested that only one was stationed on the Soviet frontier, or one and a half if we include the forces in Rumania.

Would the switching of 20-25 per cent of Germany's air power to the West give Germany a decisive advantage? Would it even restore the numerical superiority which she enjoyed there last Fall, and which proved insufficient to overcome the RAF? It is hardly to be thought so. No doubt the switching back to the Channel of a large part of the air power now engaged against Russia—when the campaign is over, the machines overhauled and the squadrons filled out—would mean the resumption of stiff fighting over the Channel and fierce night raids against British ports and cities. But the Germans couldn't strip all their air power from Russia and Eastern Europe, and when they do resume operations against Britain they will face a much strengthened RAF.

As a practical military move to help Germany win the war against Britain, this Russian campaign looks rather dubious. Is it then at bottom an economic move, to ensure Ger-

many of supplies to counterbalance those with which the United States is providing Britain? There will be some immediate loot. But it is scarcely to be believed that Germany can achieve any quick speed-up of Russian industry and radical improvement of transport. On the contrary, there will first be the ravages of war to be repaired and a great work of reorganization to be carried out. If the Russian population is to be persuaded to work, and work faster than before, its needs will have to be cared for. The experience of 1918 showed well enough that the Russian peasantry simply won't plant crops and hand them over to the Germans for paper money. The Russians, therefore, would continue to have the chief call on Russian production, and it would be two or three years before the Germans could develop any considerable surplus for themselves. Notable exceptions might be supplies of oil and manganese, unless the workings were sabotaged.

The desire to destroy organized Russian military power and ensure against the possibility of a hostile Soviet Union falling on Germany's back at an awkward moment—say, on the failure of an invasion attempt against Britain—can be accepted as a plausible explanation for the present campaign. But that makes it a defensive move forced on Hitler by Britain's resistance, a move designed not so much to help win the war, as to prevent losing it.

"Europe's Enemies"

By no means to be left out of account, either, when dealing with Hitler, is the psychological impulse. Unable to conquer Britain, he will turn and conquer Russia. The fantastic five-hour fanfare accompanying the German communiqué last Sunday leaves one all the more convinced that this "greatest military campaign in history" has been undertaken to win "the greatest victory in history," and fill a deep psychological need in Hitler and the German people for compensation for the defeat in the Battle of Britain and the increasing intervention of the United States. Whether it actually does so or not, Hitler will build up his victory over Russia to give the appearance of greatly strengthening his position, to encourage his own people and seek to discourage the British and Americans.

Then there is the political aspect of the campaign, as a "crusade against Red Bolshevism in the interests of European civilization," which, because it has little effect on us, we should not ignore. I believe that it may have been just as important with Hitler as any military or psychological reasons for the campaign. Nazi propaganda is beating out this theme day and night. The adherence of Italy, France, Spain, Hungary, Croatia, Slovakia and Albania as well as of Rumania and Finland, who have private and sufficient reasons for their action—is held out as proving that Europe is "more united than ever before." "Only one country has thrown in her lot with Red Russia: Great Britain, Europe's greatest enemy."

Much hope is placed on the effect of this move against Russia, dressed up as a campaign against Bolshevism, in confusing and dividing opinion in the United States. And it must be said that when a former President makes a nation-wide appeal against the Administration policy of aiding Russia as an enemy of Nazism, as Hoover did last Sunday, the Nazis are having some success. Nor can the prompt appearance of the arguments, voiced by isolationist circles, that the U.S. can now stand aside and watch the two

repellent dictatorships chew each other up, and that aid to Britain is not so urgent now, be considered entirely accidental. Fortunately there are powerful voices such as the *New York Times*, Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson urging that, far from being a time to lie back, this is a great and unique opportunity for the United States to fall with Britain on Germany's exposed Western flank, bolstering the British air offensive and co-operating in cleaning up the Atlantic.

German Tactics Clear

It is not a great deal of use for me to write of the actual military position so far in advance as the holiday forces me to do. It is already quite apparent, however, that the Germans are concentrating on crumpling up the Russian right wing—as they concentrated in the first stage of the war in the West on destroying the Allied left wing. I expect to see an attempt to subdivide and pulverize the Russian right, part of which is already parcelled up around Bialystok (as predicted here last week), another part sliced off by the German drives through Minsk and Dvinsk, still another between Dvinsk and Riga, and a final part trapped against the Baltic coast, which is completely dominated by German seapower.

While they seek thus to chew up the Russian right wing, I suspect that the Germans are attempting a swing-door movement, a super-Schlieffen, against the Russian left. While allowing the Russians local successes on the Rumanian front, in the Bukovina and Galicia, to draw and hold them there, they may try to swing a powerful armored claw around through Berdichev towards Nikolaevo, to close the trap. There would then remain only a grueling two or three weeks' fight of "annihilation" that favorite Prussian military conception. A branching force would meanwhile occupy Kiev and Kharkov, while the German left would sweep on to Moscow and Leningrad, aided in the latter case by pressure from Finland.

Will Russia Drop Out?

This, I suggest, may be the German pattern for the Battle of the Western Frontiers. Will the Red Army bend to the German will? I am afraid that, brave as its soldiers are, and vast its equipment, it will be outfought by the more experienced Germans, badly beaten in the matter of teamwork between air and ground forces, and out-manoeuvred by the brilliant German General Staff. Then, I can see the Germans applying tactics which so effectively prevented the Poles from bringing up supplies and reserves or quickly retreating:

the systematic bombing of railway junctions, near and far, behind the Russian front. They really need do no more to paralyze the supply, movement and reinforcement of the huge armies on the Russian Western frontier. They have no need to smash the Russian factories or power stations which they will want to harness to their own use so shortly.

We end, therefore, with the same question with which we began. Should Russia suffer great initial disasters, will that knock her out? Will the patriotic appeal which is now being so loudly voiced by the Kremlin, which has gone to the amazing extreme of allowing religious services of intercession for the Fatherland, hold the people behind the regime? Russians are not panicky, but tenacious and fatalistic; if the regime is determined to fight on, if morale is good enough and if transport holds up, there are millions of trained and half-trained reservists in the back areas who may be spared to Stalin by the very speed of the German advance, being unable to reach the front in time. In the weeks and months to come new armies could be formed behind Moscow, behind the Volga, behind the Urals. The means are there for prolonged resistance, if the will exists and the leadership is provided.



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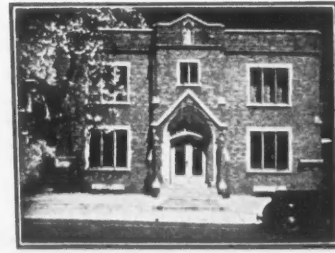
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Canada's War on Disease

BY THE HON. IAN MACKENZIE, M.P.

IS IT too much to hope that under the stimulus that war has given to our sense of social responsibility we may evolve a great constructive joint health program on a broad, national basis?

A noted public health authority in the United States recently observed that the Renaissance marked humanity's great upswing from the dark ages towards art, learning, literature and beauty in every form.

The French Revolution was the beginning of a world-wide fight for political freedom.

I believe that today we see the stirring of an equally great popular and international movement towards health—the people's fight for freedom from disease—for the right to be born well and to live well.

Science has shown the way. It is for public opinion and public leadership to put to practical use the knowledge which has been acquired.

So let us during this time of war, when health and fitness are a prime requisite of success, devise and press forward new and broader measures in the field of public health, erecting perhaps a structure in the realm of health policy which will stand forever as a monument to the sacrifices of this tragic conflict.

To achieve victory we must have the greatest possible unity in our national effort. We must utilize every resource in the common cause. The greatest and most valuable resource is the human resource.

We have taken precautions for the health of the troops overseas. Likewise we must take precautions on this great home front in Canada. We must keep our people fit for the organization of industry and finance. We must prepare opportunities for re-establishment and reconstruction.

For a Peace Program

Let us—in a great constructive humanitarian way prepare for peace both nationally and internationally.

We are the sentinels of the keeping of those things we love in life, liberty and freedom, the little red school house, the simple church spire—precious corners of worship—the spacious life of Canada and of the Empire—all these things which are eternal and supernal.

We Canadians are fighting because we have developed in this northern part of the North American continent a manner of living based upon fairness and freedom which we are determined that no foreign aggressor shall be permitted to impair or destroy.

We have developed in Canada, we believe, one of the highest standards of living for the average man to be found anywhere in the world.

However conscious we may be of our own imperfections and of the necessity for continuing our efforts to improve our own lot, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in other parts of the world, Canadians are noted for their health and their strength and their vigor.

Our bracing climate and the character of a large portion of our industrial life on the farm, in the forest, and in the mines, have much to

In a recent broadcast under the auspices of the Health League of Canada, the Minister of Pensions and National Health gave the first rallying-cry of a campaign for a program of humane government activity for the betterment of life in Canada during and after the war, which will go far beyond the limits of ordinary health legislation.

The keynote of that campaign is "the right to be born well and to live well."

do with the traditional sturdy health of our young men.

But, beyond that, the health of this country has been supported, improved and developed by conscientious public effort. This has been expressed through our democratic institutions. Every local council, every provincial parliament, and the national government itself, has its public health department, great or small, ministering to the welfare of our people.

Last year the cost of the Royal Canadian Air Force, including the great Air Training Plan, was two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. A vast sum. But in the same year—the cost to the Canadian people of ill health was more than two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Cost in Money and Life

There is not only a waste of dollars, there is the tremendous loss of manpower. Canada has more than a thousand hospitals—containing one hundred thousand beds. These beds are filled all the time. Many other sick people are treated at home.

It is estimated that on any one day Canada has fifty thousand wage earners idle through illness. That is, on every working day, our national effort is handicapped by the absence of fifty thousand workers from their places.

Much of this wastage is avoidable. The responsibility rests squarely upon the shoulders of the people. We have our individual responsibility and we have our collective responsibility as citizens.

Public responsibility for the national health is chiefly concerned with preventing disease. We do this by quarantine regulations, pure food laws, sewage disposal schemes, provision of pure water supplies, pasteurization of milk and similar measures.

Typhoid fever has been almost completely stamped out in Canada as a result of the efforts of our municipalities to provide people with pure water.

Many other diseases have been materially reduced by the pasteurization of milk. In Montreal, since pasteurization was adopted, the number of infant deaths from intestinal complaints, has dropped from more than eighteen hundred every year to

two hundred, just one-ninth of the former total.

Certain rural municipalities of Western Canada employ a municipal physician. Everybody is free to go to him for advice and treatment. The improvement in community health has been amazing.

In Manitoba among the municipalities having this service the death rate among mothers at child-birth has been reduced to less than half the rate prevailing in the rest of the province.

The cost of the service is about two dollars a year on the tax rate.

In other centres there has been a definite campaign against diphtheria. This campaign has been so successful that in Hamilton and Brantford there have been no deaths from this disease for several years. In Toronto, last year, not one single case of diphtheria occurred.

The Dominion has tried to help raise the general standard of health services throughout Canada by co-operation with the local authorities by guidance and leadership and by education and publicity.

Health Measures Pay

The direct results of our educational work are not easy to measure but in the past ten years, since the Dominion actively entered this field, there has been a remarkable reduction in the death rates from controllable and preventable causes.

Typhoid fever deaths have been reduced by two-thirds, scarlet fever by sixty per cent, diphtheria by seventy-five per cent, tuberculosis by about one-third.

This means the saving of thousands of lives. But I am not giving these figures to encourage complacency. My object is to show that public health measures pay in the saving of human lives.

In the four years of the Great War no fewer than sixty thousand young Canadians laid down their lives.

In the four years ending in nineteen thirty-five the number of deaths in Canada of infants under one year was seventy thousand. In peace-time the casualties among new-born children were greater than our war losses in a similar period.

That rate has since been reduced by one third, which means we are saving between seven and eight thousand young Canadian lives every year.

But when I tell you that sixteen countries still have lower infant death rates than Canada you will understand how much remains to be done.

We have just begun a great work designed to educate the people in the wise and proper use of foods. Surveys of the eating habits of hundreds of families in widely scattered parts of the country have been made. Much useful information has been acquired and it shall now be our purpose to translate this information into popular form for the guidance of the mothers and housekeepers of the nation in the selection and preparation of the family menu.

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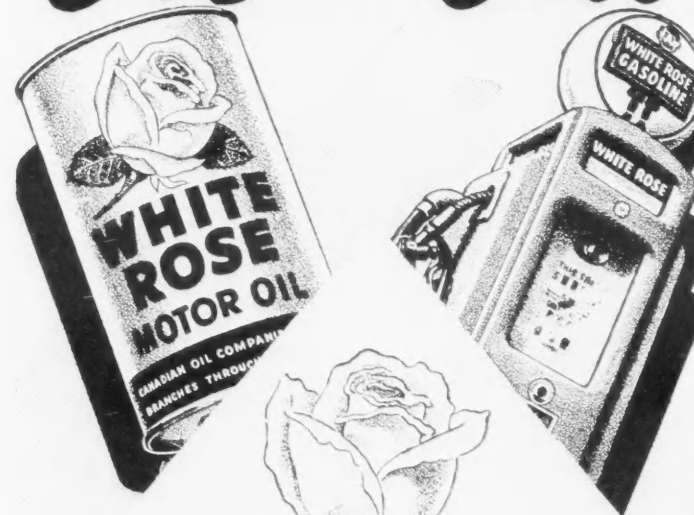
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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Beethoven and Mr. Bumstead

BY H. DYSON CARTER

THIS week we go beyond the bombs and the sirens. We escape. And no apologies! Something of tremendous importance has happened to the future. It is all in a letter received from Mr. Bumstead.

Beethoven has heard, too. Eternities away, the Great One is bowed again over his desk, furiously composing. For practice he has re-written the mighty Fifth. Now he is on a Tenth Symphony. This will be greater than anything dreamed by anyone but Beethoven and Mr. Bumstead.

Mr. Bumstead's identity must be established. He is the Assistant Patent Attorney of the Radio Corporation of America. He is also an inventor as well as the inventor's guardian angel. Mr. Bumstead has been awarded a patent of his own, No. 2,241,027. His invention is called "An Electronic Musical Instrument." I am convinced that No. 2,241,027 is the beginning of a new age of music.

BEFORE we soar away on these new wings of song there are a few prosaic fundamentals to clear up. No. 2,241,027 is not hard to understand. Those who know just a little music, or a little radio, will grasp it quickly. If you have never looked inside a television circuit (Mr. Bumstead certainly has) we'll try to get over that part of it with some faith.

Everyone knows what the difference is between the bong of a tuning-fork and Middle-C stroked from a Stradivarius by Kreisler's hands. Harmonics. A tuning-fork gives out a pure sound vibration of whatever beats per second. A violin note is more complex. Kreisler might be able to entice two or three dozen different vibrations, at one stroke on a single string. This gives what our Mr. Charlesworth describes in adjectives beyond this department's materialistic reach. Let me put it crudely: the quality and quantity of these extra harmonic vibrations, and the way they blend, is what distinguishes Fritz Kreisler from Jack Benny on the violin.

At the risk of infuriating Mr. Charlesworth I will state flatly that no divine mystery enters into this disgraceful comparison. Jack Benny could be Kreisler if he could get hold of those harmonics. Furthermore, science can take pictures of sublime and ridiculous music, pointing out on paper the differences. All mathematical and precise.

IN BRIEF, science can show on paper why good musical performances differ from bad. But science cannot produce good musical performances. Ah...! Here you should feel a chill of anticipation. The auditorium becomes silent, and Mr. Bumstead is making his way to the centre of the stage.



Donald Strange, winner of one of the 1941 scholarships (\$600 a year) at Upper Canada College. He is a son of the well-known writers Major H. G. L. Strange and his wife Kathleen Strange of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

For several years experts have been fooling with "sound tracks." In Hollywood they can change Martha Raye's voice into a sweet soprano, and Paul Robeson's into falsetto. By changing the recorded voices, those tiny waving lines on the sound film. In theory it's possible to create a singing voice without any singer, by drawing the song-vibrations by hand on a film. This is very tedious and of no artistic value.

Now come away from the movies. We enter a cathedral. Behold the pipe organ. The most impressive instrument ever fashioned. It can whisper accompaniment for a falling leaf, or hurl back thunder with a barrage of melody.

Doubtless you have heard the curious device called the "electric organ." The notes are produced by rotating toothed wheels, which give electrical impulses corresponding to any desired pitch. A wheel for every note. But these notes are "pure," and to get harmonics extra wheels must be used. Not many are, because of mechanical difficulties. The result is the electric organ, with the volume of the Grenadier Guards band but a very different tonal quality.

Problem: to find some way of producing mechanically or electrically the most beautiful tones, complete with the harmonics of real instruments, without using those instruments or their players.

Solution: Mr. Bumstead's patent No. 2,241,027.

HERE is how it works. First the fundamental (pure) note is produced with a tuning fork or rotating wheel. By a more or less simple device familiar to amateur television fans, this tone-vibration makes a beam of electrons flicker (like a ray of invisible light) over a television screen (iconoscope). The screen translates the flicker into electrical vibrations, thence into sound in the loudspeaker. Thus the original note is reproduced, and we are back where we started.

Useless? Consider the screen. It is half way between the real note and the reproduced note. If there is any interference at this stage, the final note will not be identical with the first.

So Mr. Bumstead proceeds to cut out a black shadow, something like a sound wave. This shadow can be the vibration-outline of Middle-C as played by Kreisler. The shadow is cast on the television screen. Now when the electron beam flickers it is affected by the black shadow. The original Middle-C tuning-fork note is changed. What comes through is a complex sound. What comes out of the loudspeaker is Kreisler's magnificent C.

This means that you and I can press a button marked "C" and the room is filled with the liquid wonder of a Strad played by a virtuoso. Ask Mr. Bumstead to cut us another scientific shadow and we have Paderewski sounding "C" on his Steinway. Another, and the roof quivers with a mighty organ note, perfect to every last harmonic.

WHEN you have digested this principle, consider the next. Mr. Bumstead got tired changing shadows. He put them on a roll of film. Press buttons and you get Middle-C played by a master of the violin, or piano, or organ, or cello, flute, harp, hautboy, bassoon, French horn or cymbals! Put all the different notes on a keyboard, with a roll of film-shadows for each, and you have the Philadelphia Symphony in a corner of your living room, waiting to be plugged in, waiting to play for you. No, not on records. Actually there, the musicians, waiting for the signal of your baton.

At the prospect of facing the Philadelphia, even without their shirt-fronts, I would quail. But if there was no one else at home besides Mr. Bumstead and me, I'd ask him to let

me play the *Pathétique* the way Schnabel does. And if Mr. Bumstead went out, I would sneak back to the keyboard and be the flutes all through the Afternoon of Debussy's Fawn. And you be the clarinets. . . .

If you love music, your imagination has already whirled you away. Mr. Bumstead's invention will get into your subconscious and arouse the most astonishing possibilities.

What, for instance, could Stokowski do with an orchestra made up entirely of the world's greatest virtuosos? All cut out as little shadows on a roll of film, with their names on buttons!

Better still, what could Stokowski's present orchestra do with Beethoven's Seventh, if every player could practice each note alone, until "shadows" of a perfect performance were filmed, all to be played together at rehearsal?

And Beethoven himself could have composed outside his lonely brain, summoning at will every string and all the winds to create along with him.

I'VE saved the biggest idea until the last. Mr. Bumstead can cut out shadows that do not correspond to the tones of any known instrument. All great composers have chafed at the limitations of keys and orchestras. Now for the first time since a hollow reed was blown, man has the instrument to match the unheard vast imagined harmonies in his mind.

Sadly, I think, Mr. Bumstead wrote to me: "Development work has had to be deferred on account of defence production." Which proves that we cannot, after all, escape the maniac's bombs. We must lay aside tomorrow's music. Let Beethoven hear it. Truly only the dead have time to spare.

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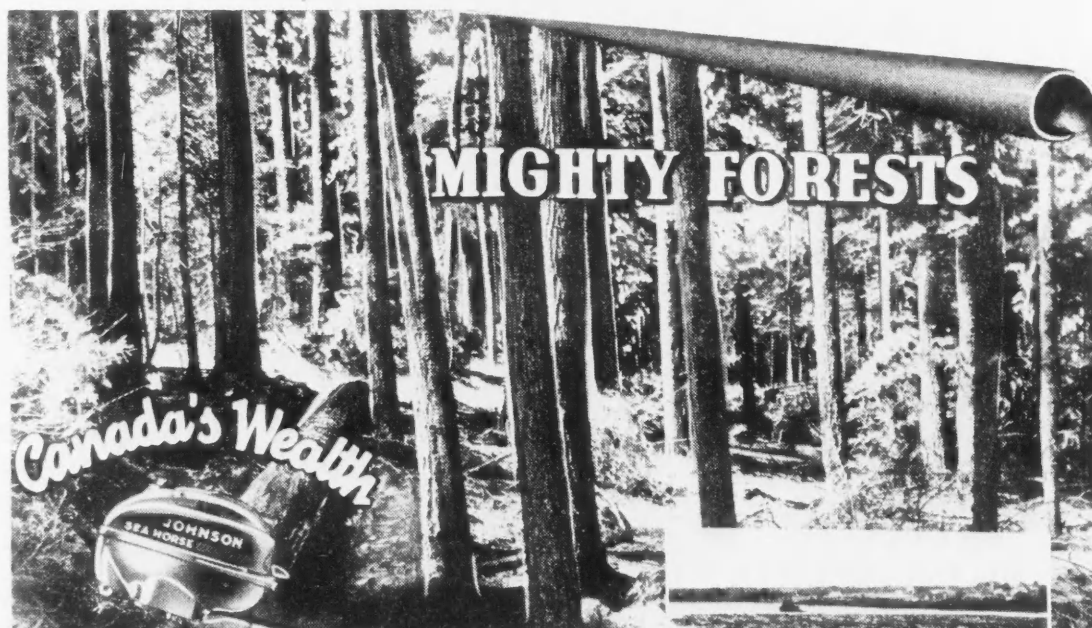
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Russians Can Retreat and Fight On

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

CAN the Russians in case of necessity retreat towards the Urals and still fight on? This is the question intriguing the world which does not believe that the Red Army can hold out against the Nazi panzer division advance.

Essentially it is not geography which will answer this query. Nor is it solely a problem of organized army power. It is above all the problem of industrial organization. Have the Russians enough factories and sufficient raw materials in the hinterland to continue the struggle? It seems that the answer must be in the affirmative.

The Soviet Government appears to have foreseen such an emergency as has now arisen but in an even more acute form. It must be remembered that the Soviet regime had always anticipated a united attack by the whole "capitalist" world. Thus at the very beginning of the First Five Year Plan, in the dim years immediately preceding the depression of 1929 it was decided to begin transferring the centre of heavy industry into the Urals and past the Urals into Asia where it would be relatively safe from enemy attack and would provide a source of supplies in the case of foreign invasion. There was, of course, also a paramount peace-time aim—the development of backward regions to the status of modern economy.

Prior to the First World War only a small proportion of Russian industry was established outside the main areas of Imperial Russia. Much of it was in the Ukraine towards which Hitler is driving his legions today.

Ukraine Wealthy

The Ukraine is wealthy in supplies which the Axis lacks. Beginning at the Dniester and moving inland we find vast herds of cattle in the Vinnytsa-Zhmerinka region. A few miles east, at Balta there are small deposits of oil. Odessa is an important industrial city. North of here there are important coal deposits and still further up hundreds of thousands of acres sown with sugar beets. Manganese and copper is dug north of Kiev while all about this historic city are thousands of square miles of the richest grain land in the world. Half way up the river Dniepr is the far-famed dam and power plants which supply electric energy to 200,000 farms and about which is centered a thick cluster of aluminum and nitrogen plants. Still farther east, more than 700 miles from the present German positions, lies the Stalino heavy industrial region, the Kharkov area with its vast tank and tractor plants, considered by many to be the largest in the world, and two hundred miles farther are the Donbas coal fields which are reported to contain a reserve of seventy billion tons of the mineral. And farther east and south is Baku's oil.

One can only imagine with what desperation the Nazis will attempt to seize this wealth. But even should they succeed much will be left to the Soviet regime.

Let us first examine the situation with respect to natural resources.

It begins to appear as if Hitler will have no easy path into Russia. But even should he succeed in driving the Soviet armies back and in occupying the Ukraine or even all of Russia to Moscow or beyond the fight need not be over.

In the Urals, in Siberia and in Central Asia the Russians have built a powerful industrial base from which to supply their armies in case of need. So long as the men are ready to fight supplies will be available. Russian war industry, unlike the French can neither be seized nor destroyed in one powerful blow. Hitler may yet regret his gamble.

In 1932 a new coal basin in the northern Urals, the Pechora Basin, came into operation. It is estimated that here there is a reserve of 250,000,000,000 tons. In the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan, to the south of the Urals, the Karaganda coal basin, estimated to contain at least 20,000,000,000 tons, was opened for exploitation in 1931. The Kuznetsk basin in West Siberia, with reserves totalling 400,000,000,000 tons, has been extensively developed during the past few years and already rivals the Ukrainian fields. In north-eastern Siberia the Tungus basin is believed to contain at least 500 billion tons of fine coal. There are still other fields now entering exploitation.

As for petroleum the situation is fairly good. In 1935 the total U.S.S.R. oil resources were estimated at three billion tons, of which only about half were in the Caucasus. Since 1932 other oil fields have begun operating. Of these the most important are the Emba fields in Kazakhstan, embracing some sixty deposits. A half a billion tons has already been proved here. Further north in Sterlitamsk, Bashkiria, in the southern Urals, other oil deposits came under exploitation in 1932. Still farther north much petroleum was discovered in the Pechora district. There is also oil in Turkmenistan, Tadzhikistan and Uzbekistan in Central Asia and in the Soviet Far East. The refining of this petroleum is now accomplished in the vicinity of the oil wells, although it is not to be doubted that the loss of Baku would prove to be very damaging.

Deposits containing more than four billion tons of high grade iron ore are now being exploited in the Ural-Kuznetsk area and the vast plants at Magnitogorsk and Stalinsk in the Urals can supply sufficient ore for a number of years for all war needs.

In Kazakhstan, West Siberia, especially in Magnitogorsk and Stalinsk manganese ore is mined. Copper is found in the Middle Volga region as well as in Asia at Kounrad, Lake Balkash, Kazakhstan. Lead and zinc are also mined here. Gold production is concentrated in Siberia. In and near the Urals are also operating mines providing magnesite, asbestos, chromium and even nickel.

Sufficient Plants?

Are there sufficient plants in these areas to work these raw materials into finished products?

During the second Five Year Plan about one half of the investments in heavy industry were directed to the eastern section of the country. This trend became even more accentuated during the first three years of the current third Five Year Plan.

During the first Five Year Plan funds allotted for industrial construction of central areas increased by 87%, of Central Asia by 277%, of West Siberia and Kazakhstan by 283%. Industry began moving eastward by leaps and bounds. No new plants have been built in Moscow since 1932! During the second Five Year Plan only 41.2% of all new investments in industry were made in central Russia, the Ukraine and the Caucasus. The rest was used in the Urals and Siberia.

Electric power production followed the same general trend. In 1937 power generated in the Urals and east was 28% of the all-Union total

while in 1928 it was only 12.3%.

In old Russia 74% of pig iron production was centered in the Ukraine. Already in 1937 32.3% of all pig iron was produced in Asia while the Ukraine produced only 59.1% of the total. The completion and further extension of Magnitogorsk has changed the situation still more in favor of the Urals.

In 1937 15% of Soviet metal plants were located east of the Urals and a further 30% in the area east of Moscow to the Urals. Today aluminum works, nickel plant and plants of the extraction of tin and magnesium are operating in Soviet Asia.

Machine Construction

In the field of machine construction certain progress has also been made in moving into Siberia. At Cheliabinsk in the Urals a tractor and tank plant (pre-war capacity 40,000 units a year) has been built; in Sverdlovsk a metallurgical equipment plant, a motor works in Ufa, a diesel engine plant in Orsk. In Novosibirsk is now located a vast machine plant, a locomotive plant (tanks) in Stalinsk, a mining equipment plant in Irkutsk

and a tank and agricultural machinery works in Tashkent. More than 100 such plants have been constructed during the past five years.

In Central Asia a nitrogen plant has been built and chemical combines constructed in unspecified locations.

On the other hand the textile industry and sugar production are almost entirely concentrated in central Russia and the Ukraine.

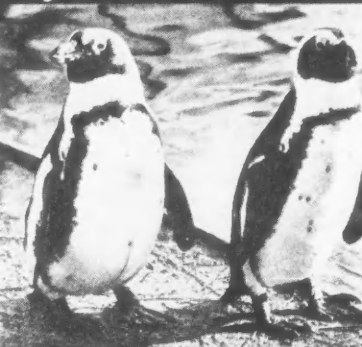
The situation is respect to agriculture is such as to give assurance that sufficient food will be available to continue the struggle if necessary from the vastness of eastern European and Asiatic Russia. Of the 139,740,000 hectares under cultivation in 1937, 31.2% were in areas east of the Urals while another 14.2% were in the region between Moscow and the border line of Asia. More than 70% of the cotton was grown in Central Asia.

It should be kept in mind that much more was done to develop industry, and especially war industry, outside the reach of enemy attack since 1939 than during the previous years. It would seem as if an unbeaten Red Army could retreat in case of need and still have a vast base of supplies for efficient operation.

The comparison with China is useful only in respect to distance and area. Actually Russia has what China did not have—a powerfully developed industrial and agricultural base and a skilled labor population.

Of course in the vastnesses of Asia the Russians are favored yet in another way. The Trans-Siberia Railway is a link with the outside world so long as Japan stays out of the war. But there is also a common frontier with India, and contact can be made with Britain via Persia and Afghanistan. All this will tell in the long run.


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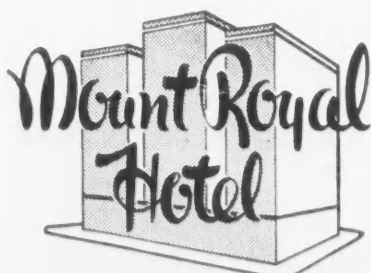
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THE BOOKSHELF

Stern, But Not Stern Enough

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, by G. B. Stern. Macmillan. \$3.50.

NOWADAYS when so many books are being written by people who have nothing of any importance to say and who would not be able to say it in a literate way if they had, critics are apt to become excited over any book which is not obviously written by a dull fool. We no longer criticize the style of a book, for in literature, as in some of the other arts, it is fashionable to regard a carefully-formed style as an affectation and to accuse the stylist of insincerity in his work. Not only does this make it possible for inept writers to bombard us with badly-written books, but it also tends to make some of our best writers careless. They do not write slowly enough, they do not set themselves a high enough standard, and they do not cut enough out of their manuscripts.

In the volume under review, G. B. Stern continues the autobiographical

reverie she began in *Monogram*. She is a woman of wonderfully varied interests and she writes with wit and perception about all of them, but she writes far too much. *Another Part Of The Forest* stops just short of 400 pages; some passages were pathetic, some brilliant and some charming. She talks about herself in a most revealing and engaging way but she does not know when to stop. The book flows easily, as a whole, but there is an intolerable deal of bibble-babble in it. It should have been cut to 250 pages before the author sent it to the printer.

As for the style, it is colloquial and conversational, which is to say that it is disjointed, careless, sometimes slangy and often vulgar. Miss Stern apologizes for one of her best passages as being 'Purple'; would that she were purple more often! It is not regarded by English-speaking peoples as polite to have too finished a conversational style, but

there is no need to extend the same silly disability to writing. The best way to test style that I know of is

to read the writer's work aloud, to try it on the ear. I read twenty pages of *Another Part Of The Forest* aloud, and found it incoherent and tiresome.

I should not be so hard on G. B. Stern if she were not a woman of great ability and a professional writer. She can do better than this and, with so many amateurs filling the market with rubbish, we can endure nothing from our professional writers which is less than their best.

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Haptic is as Haptic Does

BY GRAHAM McINNES

PERSONAL REVOLUTION AND PICASSO, by Louis Danz. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

WHAT has overwhelmed Mr. Danz is less a revolution than a revelation; and like all those who have seen a blinding light, he wants to share his experience. Picasso's powerful mural, "Guernica," has hit him, as indeed it hits most people, with the force of an exploding star shell; and he has attempted to set down the emotional experience which has given him a short cut to the heart of aesthetic. The password is *haptic*. "The word haptic includes all feeling. The word haptic is primal. It is the content of art. It makes art physiological instead of psychological. This," he adds modestly, "is one of the most important discoveries ever in art."

Undoubtedly it has been an important discovery to Mr. Danz, since he has had a direct emotional experience from a painting. But for those to whom he tries to relay his experience at second hand, such passwords can only be springes to catch woodcocks. There are no magic words which can reveal to us the nature of the creative act; there is no critical substitute for looking at paintings. Mr. Danz's thesis really amounts to the time honored bromide: "I know nothing at all about art; but I know what I like." Mr. Danz not only knows what he likes; he also knows why he likes

it: because it is haptic. This is defining something in terms of itself. He would have been better to stick to his other, and far more valid contention that aesthetic emotion cannot be understood, but only experienced.

The choice of an example of haptic work from the masters is also unfortunate. Mr. Danz speaks of the shadows under the eyes of Byzantine and Sienese madonnas as haptic, "because they are not shadows seen by the painter. They are haptic shadows because they can be felt on your own face with your own fingers when you are very tired. . . like the madonna." A far more reasonable explanation is that the shadows were stylized conventions common to all Byzantine art. In fact it was when Cimabue and Giotto started to get away from these haptic shadows and put in some feeling of their own that the Renaissance began.

Mr. Danz is very sincere; but he is only making confusion worse confounded when he states that "Haptic feeling is how deep does it go inside and geomathic form is how grandly does it come out." That is the language of the solar-plexus reflex. On the other hand the statement, "Picasso paints what he feels, not what he sees. . . Picasso sees not with his eyes but feels with his body" sheds a fresh light. And there are, if you care to dig for them, quite a number of such pithy apophthegms buried in the hapticness.

A Life on the Bounding Main

BY WESSELY HICKS

CAPTAIN PAUL, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.

THE first requirement of a top-notch historical novel is that the background be authentic. The author may take liberties with minor incidents and may draw liberally upon his imagination in depicting action which has no great bearing on the historical aspect of the book, but to be remembered, it must have that "feel" which only painstaking research can give it. Kenneth Roberts' books have it. The second requirement of a first-rate historical novel is that the action be vigorous and swift and skilfully handled.

Commander Edward Ellsberg's latest book *Captain Paul* is everything that can be expected of the best in historical novels. It is vigorous, swift moving, lusty, cruel and authentic.

Commander Ellsberg tells the story of John Paul Jones, pirate, slaver, captain of a merchantman at the age of twenty-one, and commander of the first ship to fly the Stars

and Stripes, through the mouth of Tom Folger, a young Nantucketer. Tom Folger ships aboard a whaler out of Nantucket at the age of 16 when his father dies at sea and he is left the sole support of his mother. From there his course is set until it crosses that of Jones.

The part of the narrative which deals with whaling is as good as anything I have read anywhere, and that includes *Moby Dick*. The naval engagements are magnificently handled. An old sea dog himself, Commander Ellsberg has none of the faults of seaman authors, chief of which is the parade of nautical terms and knowledge to the complete mystification of the landlubberly reader. Yet Ellsberg's books have a salt air smack about them. To readers of *Hell on Ice*, *Men Under the Sea*, *S 51*, and *On the Bottom*, this last book, *Captain Paul*, will come as no surprise. It's in the best Ellsberg tradition and that's as good, to my mind, as they come. If the book has any fault, it is the fault of a good many others these days—it is a mite too long.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

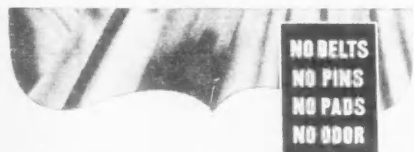
The Matter of the Slip Covers

BY MARY BRECHIN

I GLANCED at the sheet of paper on which the official at the Children's Aid had written—Helen Neely, age 13; Betty Neely, age 12; sisters from Rainford, Liverpool, England, living with Mr. and Mrs. Evans, 73 Westholme Avenue.



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ADDRESS _____

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Looking across the street I saw No. 73 clearly marked on a trim, modest little house.

But here let me explain why I happened to be calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

It all goes back to a bridge game the evening after the last budget came down—and the three no trumps getting wrapped up in the budget. We were in it up to the gills. The budget left no doubt about that. An all out effort.

None of us really grumbled about the budget. In fact we kept telling each other it had to be justifying it in spots. After all, weren't our taxes still below what the people of Britain were paying?

As I got ready for bed that evening more pleasant thoughts began to percolate back and I began to visualize the new slip covers and drapes I was planning for the living room.

It was then I felt the flutter in the solar plexus. I groaned helplessly, knowing full well it was the little bird. Others might deceive themselves into dismissing it with a "phooey . . . indigestion!" But if you've inherited an ancestry of long faced covenanteders you can't deceive yourself about the little bird. That's what my Scottish granny called it. The little bird *conscience*. Many a time since she inflicted it upon me I've denounced it as "that old so and so."

Perhaps I wouldn't buy the expensive material, I conceded reluctantly as I got into bed. Something a bit cheaper would do. And I could buy a war savings certificate with the balance.

"We'll never win the war without sacrifice," harped the little so and so.

"Sacrifice, sacrifice—always sacrifice!" I snapped irritably. "You'd have me in uniform if you could—but I'm not a man. I can't enlist." "You can do your bit in other ways," insisted the little bird. "There are civilians right here in Canada making daily sacrifices far greater than your slip covers."

"Just what?" "Well, for example there are the people who've taken children from the Old Country into their homes—not for a weekend visit mark you, but for the duration of the war. People who can't afford to buy new slip covers when they take the notion."

And then I began to think. Things I'd read in the newspapers during the past year drifted back to me. More than once it had struck me that many of these children were being welcomed into families far from well to do. In a small household it must mean giving up one's privacy entail endless little sacrifices.

"You could go and see for yourself," suggested the little bird.

At the Evans'

And that's why I went to the Children's Aid and eventually found myself looking across the street at the modest little house of the Evans. The official at the Children's Aid had told me that what Mr. and Mrs. Evans were doing was typical of what was being done by many families in similar circumstances.

I crossed the street and mounting the wooden steps of the porch I knocked.

A gentle looking woman somewhere in the middle fifties came to the door.

"Are you Mrs. Evans? I'm . . ." But before I could finish a man's voice gave the genial invitation.

"Come in. Come right in." And Mr. Evans came forward to hold open the screen door for me to enter.

I followed Mrs. Evans through to the comfortably furnished living room which adjoins the kitchen.

"I'll let Mr. Evans talk to you first. I'm getting his dinner ready.

He's just had a call." Mrs. Evans excused herself and went into the kitchen.

"Yes," Mr. Evans enlightened me. "I'm a fireman on the railway—on one of the fast freights and in two hour's time we'll be pulling out for Montreal. But sit down. Sit down."

I sat down on the chesterfield and watched my host as he pulled up a chair for himself. William Thomas Evans as his name suggests is a typical looking Welshman. Dark, short and stocky with a fine head and the burning eyes of a mystic. His ancestors weren't covenanteders—but there was the story of the little bird written all over him.

"Yes," said Mr. Evans settling himself in his chair. "I've been railroading for close on forty years—and I wouldn't change it for any other work. Satisfies the gypsy in me maybe. But it's about the girls you want to talk, isn't it?" "Partly," I admitted. "Are they related to you in any way?"

He shook his head.

"Never knew they existed until the lady from the Children's Aid brought them here last August. I remember the day well and how Miss X kept apologizing because Helen and Betty were crying as if their hearts would break. I told her I wouldn't have it otherwise. The kind that wouldn't be torn with emotion at leaving their own folks wouldn't have fitted in so well with us."

"Bill your dinner's ready," called Mrs. Evans.

"Okay. You come and take my place here."

Mrs. Evans came in with a steaming cup of tea.

"I can hear you're from the Old Country so I know you'll enjoy your afternoon tea," she said with a smile.

My Sister and I

Sitting beside me on the chesterfield she told me she had taken two sisters. When she was eight years old her mother had died and she and her sister had been brought up in different households. It left such an impression on her that when she and her husband decided to open their home to British children she put in a request for two sisters. They at least would not be separated.

"Just what difference has it made in your home life?"

"Naturally it has made a lot of difference. The girls are treated just as though they were our own. We've become very fond of them. Since my son grew up he is our only child I've been pretty free." She smiled. "Now I'm the mother of two young girls. I've grown apron strings again."

"And what about the routine in the house?"

"Well of course the big difference is that they're here. We'd been alone for some years and naturally two young girls . . . well they keep us young," she smiled.

"And what else?" I pried.

"Little things like the wash. I used to wash every two weeks now I have to wash every week. Little things like that."

"How do the girls manage about clothes? Do you get any allowance for their maintenance?"

"Oh no. Not a penny. We undertook to provide for the girls until the war is over. Their mother sent out a parcel of clothing but we've supplemented a good deal. It's difficult for Mrs. Neely to understand the requirements for a different climate and children are sensitive about not having the same type of clothes as their playmates."

"It must mean quite a sacrifice, catering for four instead of two."

"That's our contribution to the war," said Mrs. Evans quietly. There was a sound of footsteps on the porch.

The next moment Betty came bounding in like a young whirlwind. Tossing her books on to an armchair she sank down on top of them.



1941's version of the white ruffled frocks worn by the Edwardians. Here it is in a white mousseline evening dress with drop shoulders—even to the ribbon threaded through lace, and a skirt with a full deep flounce.

"Whe-ew!" she breathed. "I'm in trouble again!"

"What again?" exclaimed Mr. Evans in mock consternation coming in from the kitchen. "Betty's forever in hot water—but she always manages to get out of it," he assured me with a twinkle.

"Well I must get ready for the job," said Mr. Evans going down to the basement for his workaday clothes.

Helen had slipped in behind Betty. Both girls are tall and fair but whereas Betty gives the impression of a dynamo Helen is quiet.

Their mother is still in Rainford. Helen told me she had packed and unpacked their suitcases a dozen times the week before they sailed. Their father, who in peace time worked in a hospital is now serving on a hospital ship.

"I never forget how terrible it must have been for Mrs. Neely to part with the girls," said Mrs. Evans. "Now, since she knows how happy they are with us her mind is at rest."

The girls love Canada and hope their parents will come out here after the war.

"Well goodbye Mother, I'm off," Mr. Evans was back with us ready for the road, his fireman's cap on his head. He kissed his wife then turning to me he winked. "Mrs. Evans thinks a fireman's is a dirty job but I tell her the money's clean. A woman's like an engine, that's why we call an engine *she*—they both need a man to manage them!"

"Tell Miss Brechin what they call your engine," chipped in Betty.

His eyes lit with merriment. "She's a fast freight—so we christened her 'Mae West'," he called over his shoulder as he went out.

The cleaners have done an excellent job on the slip covers and the drapes.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Story of a New Canteen

BY BERNICE COFFEY

IN SPITE of the torrid temperature outside and us in an unwisely chosen blue wool suit! (and we hereby cast back into their teeth the assertion of anyone who has ever said that in a suit you can go anywhere) well, despite all this there was something of the atmosphere of Christmas when the wrappings were taken off the new canteen at Barrie and it was Formally Handed Over.

Barrie as you may or may not know, is near Camp Borden one of the largest concentrations of army and airmen in Canada and it has been a pretty problem to provide entertainment and relaxation not only for the men on leave but for the wives who have come to live nearby. The War Service Committee of Barrie did its part nobly, but the work grew like Jack's beanstalk.

So the ladies of the Landsear Club of Toronto offered to help—with the result that Barrie now has a splendid new Active Service Club. Funds were raised in various ways—the sale of tickets for theatre nights, a musicale at the home of Mrs. Wallace Barrett the president of the club, the sale of ingeniously designed knitting bags by Mrs. F. A. Morrow, the sponsoring of a fashion show. The building which houses the club is the old Spry homestead, built around 1859—with a new addition for the canteen. Mr. F. K. Morrow, bought the building, and Mr. W. H. Wright and others helped to remodel and furnish it. Many, many others had a hand in the undertaking, too.

For the Duration

One of the interesting things about this club, we think, is the manner of its presentation. At the ceremonies the other day, it was given without strings of any sort to the War Service Committee of Barrie for the duration of the war, or a year after hostilities have ended, if necessary.

The old house has undergone an amazing transformation. Walls of one of the large rooms on the main floor have been painted a soft mushroom grey which blends well with the maroon leather chesterfields and chairs. A large print of a vigorous Canadian painting was placed over the fireplace. A piano and music cabinet stands in an alcove in readiness for those who feel in the mood for a little close harmony. Magazines are close at hand and so are books mostly Penguins—deliberately chosen so they can be carried off without any hard feelings. Closed away from the larger room is the writing room—a quiet pleasant place. Another piano here, too. We tried to keep score on the number of pianos scattered through the club but lost track after the third or fourth.

Another large and equally pleasant room is devoted to games. The new canteen, though, is largest and most cheerful of all. It's lined with British Columbia fir in natural color, here and there are tables at which the men can eat the snacks provided at the counter at the end of the room. Behind this there's a glimpse of a very white kitchen with a sky-blue ceiling.

Perhaps the most interesting of the

upstairs rooms is the lounge reserved for feminine guests of the club. This is decorated in a lovely shade of delphinium blue with comfortable easy chairs and chesterfields for wives of soldiers. Off it is a compact kitchenette where they may, when they wish, brew a cup of tea and prepare refreshments for themselves or husbands on leave. A nice thought, this.

The executive of the miracle-working Landsear Club includes Mrs. Wallace Barrett, president; Mrs. Horace T. Hunter, 1st vice-president; Mrs. A. L. Ellsworth, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Robert Fennell, 3rd vice-president; Mrs. R. Cecil Kilgour, Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. A. Somerville, Asst. Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. J. Dingman, treasurer; Mrs. Stuart Playfair, Asst. Treasurer; Mrs. E. A. Langmuir, Mrs. H. Napier Moore, Corresponding Secretaries. The following conveners are among the many other members who should receive bows for their work in getting the club ready: Mrs. F. K. Morrow, house committee; Mrs. James Blackey, Mrs. J. A. R. Mason, contribution of furnishings from Club members; Miss Lillian Skinner in charge of providing linens, including the smocks to be worn by volunteer workers.

A pleasant footnote to the presentation ceremonies was the arrival of a telegram from Hon. Mr. Leighton McCarthy, Canadian Minister to Washington, and one of Barrie's sons, expressing his pleasure in accepting the honorary patron's office in the club.

PRAIRIE RAIN

OVER the prairie's
Dusty face,
Fairy footsteps
Hurry apace.

The pattering wish
Of tiny feet;
Millions of raindrops,
A fragrance sweet.

Gracious indeed
To the dusty ground,
Is the raindrops' cool
Refreshing sound.

To hearts that are dry
With the dust of years,
Arid and parched
With griefs and fears.

Beauty appears
Like a tender rain,
One thing renewed
Again and again.

When faith has vanished,
And love has gone,
In gleams and flashes,
Beauty lives on.

ELAINE M. CATLEY.

Calgary, Alberta.

REPLY

A LETTER came from you today
From England, and your tone
was gay.

You laughed at Hitler's bombs and
such,

You said you loved me very much
And that the English girls were
grand

But you preferred your special brand
And that was me! Oh, lovely words
With sweeter sound than all the
birds

That carol in our garden, dear;
But you're not with me, cannot hear
The robin in the maple tree
That sings for you as well as me.

I wonder if the English larks
Still sing their songs in English
parks?

And if they do, can you still hear
With Jerry bombing very near?

Oh darling, how I wish that you
Might hear our robin singing too!

Toronto, Ont.

JEAN COSKERAN.

Elizabeth

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Elizabeth Arden Suntan Oil Caps . . . Suntan Oil in clever capsules for your convenience. Box of 12, \$1.25; box of 24, \$2.10 . . . Ardena Sunpruf Cream . . . A wonderfully cooling cream that vanishes. Tube, \$1.25. Ardena Sports Gelce . . . \$1.65 . . . Elizabeth Arden Suntan Oil . . . "non-sticky" . . . wonderful . . . \$1.00 . . . at Smartest Shops.

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Get yourself a bow—preferably a blue bow print on a dark silk ground. Over this it is immensely chic at the moment to toss the light blue coat with which the dress is ensembled, in the manner of a cape.

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The Headmaster, Joseph McCulley, B.A., invites correspondence and interviews with parents. Autumn Term enrolments now being received.

AUTUMN TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 11th

THE DRESSING TABLE

Fair--And Very Much Warmer

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT'S practically no trick at all to look cool and all-of-a-piece so long as one remains near the home base, but it's another story when one travels afield. There are remarkable creatures who can drive two hundred miles in an open roadster and arrive

for a week-end visit in a condition fit to meet immediately the other guests (smugly seated on the terrace and sipping cool drinks, the rats!) instead of quietly oozing in at a side

entrance and scraping off some of the road grit. Others of their kind can travel halfway across a continent by train in the middle of a July heat-wave and at a given moment look as fresh as a daisy just out of the florist's ice-box. And there are the rest of us who look as badly disorganized as a roadside park after a Sunday school picnic.

The girls who under all circumstances manage to look cool and presentable are wily lasses who instead of letting nature take its uncertain course and hoping for the best, take advantage of every trick ever devised. They don't rely on hats alone to keep their hair in order when they know it's going to be blown every which-way. Not only have they experimented until they discovered the simplest and most becoming hair-do for them, but they know all about snoods and close-fitted turbans to keep it just where they want it. They are wise in the ways of finding cool and becoming cotton dresses and summer-cool girdles of mesh fabrics to wear under them. And they have learned a simple truth that so many of us prefer to ignore—that you should not put fresh make-up over old, especially when the latter is a complete mess anyway, and that the cosmetic people have gone to no end of trouble to provide us with make-up materials that will stand almost anything.

Come to think of it, there doesn't seem to be an alibi left for any of us who fail to keep cool and collected under almost any circumstances you care to mention.

Patcher-Upper

A patchwork quilt is what ladies are guaranteed not to be this summer if they just follow Elizabeth Arden's advice and use Liquid Bronze Glo which is another sun tanner requiring no athletic or overheating effort. Smooth it on, says Miss Arden—over white places around the eyes from sunglasses, or on the shoulders from suit straps—and match up your legal tan—or just use it all over.

One thing Elizabeth Arden doesn't



Four ways to fractable curls in warm weather. Daily cleansing with a special preparation keeps scalp fresh.



Thorough brushing burnishes hair to a high gloss. Use a long-bristled brush on a little bit at a time.



A rat-tailed curlbrush is a handy gadget to have around when smooth perfectly formed curls are wanted.



Pomade touched to the hair-line discourages thin spots at that point. All photos courtesy Ogilvie Sisters.

guarantee is to keep anybody from sunburning when covered with Bronze Glo—it's a make-up, not a lotion.

Waterproof

Among the things you may wish to investigate for summer coolth is the waterproof make-up called Aqua-

cade that permits you to be a mermaid and a glamor girl at the same time. Not only does it keep your complexion intact in the water, on the beach, in the sun and in the rain, but Helena Rubinstein promises that it will stand up nobly during a whole evening of dancing. Not only is there a foundation in light or dark, depending on whether one wishes to appear lily fair or nut brown, but there is a compressed face powder which she assures us is so unaffected by moisture it can be dropped into a bowl of water without harming it. Comes in light or dark, too. The quartet of preparations is completed by an indelible lipstick of a texture so creamy it can be used as rouge—an economy measure welcome in these times—and a waterproof mascara that is resistant to moisture.



The next day's upset condition—the dull, listless feeling or "Fatigue Depression"—which follows over-work or too much exercise is counteracted by speedy Sal Hepatica

If you take unusually strenuous exercise, stay up late or work long hours overtime—you feel dull, headachy, listless the next day. Because when you're tired, your system is upset, gastric acidity is increased—you suffer from "Fatigue Depression". And until you catch up on your rest you stay upset throughout the day.

But this is needless. Two teaspoonfuls of sparkling Sal Hepatica in a glass of water, last thing at night or first thing in the morning, counteracts your upset condition, combats excess gastric acidity, helps keep you alert, peppy and cheerful all day long.

Sal Hepatica, although it brings speedy, complete relief, causes no discomfort or disagreeable after effects. It acts quickly, usually within an hour, and thoroughly by attracting moisture to the intestinal tract.

So, whenever you have a late bridge session, get too much exercise or spend long hours at work, avoid the next day's "Fatigue Depression"—keep feeling your normal, peppy self—by taking speedy Sal Hepatica.

Get an economical bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today.



Why Sal Hepatica is so effective:

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4. Helps combat excess gastric acidity.
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Whenever you need a laxative take
speedy SAL HEPATICA



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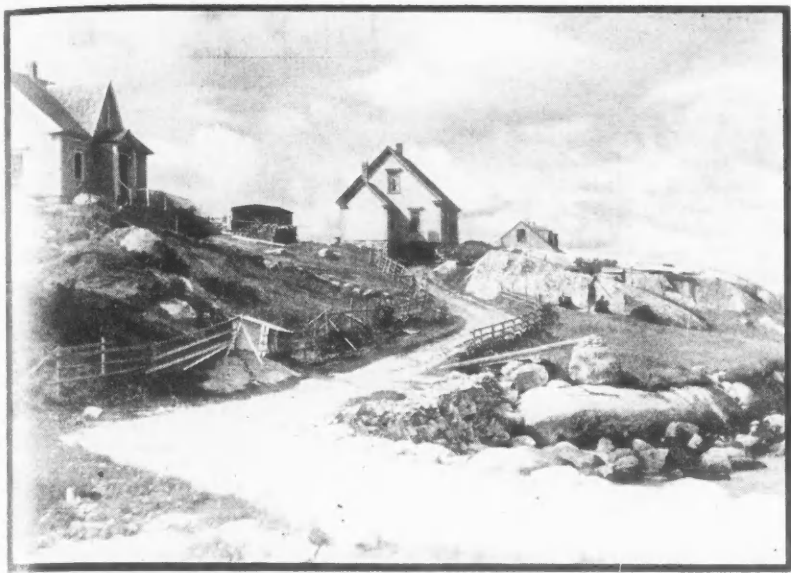
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CATS are a the screen Cat-lovers enough of the cat-lover's fe cat species slightly mys eat on the st age, class cr ping to set u that every c cats will rec alley cat re pail, all hun intensity of t lover to the h excitement On the othe loves them w that has been screen. Dogs that the true dog-stars mu feels toward make him a Since they tameable, cat an industry docility high of themselves carry as dogs cooperate in attitude to s



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AV M STRA



One of the fishing villages that dot Nova Scotia's 5,000-mile coast line.

PORTS OF CALL

Nova Scotia, the Ancient Province

BY JEAN HAYDON

NOVA SCOTIA has the proud distinction of being the only Province of Canada and the first Colony of Great Britain to have a flag of its own. After King James granted Nova Scotia by Royal Charter to Sir William Alexander a portion of the grounds at Edinburgh Castle was declared a part of Nova Scotia, and on this plot the ceremony of ceding Nova Scotia land to Scottish gentlemen was performed. These gentlemen were given the rank of "Baronets of Nova Scotia," and a holding of land four miles in width and facing either a river or the sea. The title has survived in several Scottish families and there are still several "Baronets of Nova Scotia."

Nova Scotia is very old. History points to the fact that John Cabot and his son, acting for the British crown, landed at the north of Cape Breton Island, on June 24, 1497, and made claim to the continent for Great Britain. The famous scenic trail that encircles the north of Cape Breton and Cape Breton Highlands National Park was named after the Cabots.

Visitors who enter the Champlain Habitation, an exact replica of the original buildings of 1605 at the site

of old Port Royal, feel they have slipped back three and one-half centuries. Port Royal was the first permanent settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico, and here on the shores of beautiful Annapolis Basin many "first things" of America had being. The first roadway was constructed, the first gardens planted, the first field crops sown, the first bricks made, the first conversions to Christianity took place, the first play was written and enacted, and the first social club of America was established.

Each year thousands of visitors come to Nova Scotia and linger at Grand Pre. There, in Evangeline Memorial Park, in the shade of the old French willows or beside the old well of the Acadians, they visualize the village site when it was a street of thatched homes, white-washed and trim.

THE story of Evangeline has made the beautiful Annapolis Valley a "valley of memories." Looking from the paths where her people strolled the visitor sees fertile valleys flanked by apple orchards and

mountain ridges, blending into the blue of the sky, while northward and westward rolls the Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy. The Gaspereau and Cornwallis Valleys offer picturesque scenery, while the "Look-Off" on Blomidon unfolds a panorama of surprising interest and scenic beauty.

It is the drastic changes that dominated the history of the Province, the combination of developments by drastically different races, that have left an indelible impression upon her people. Each element has preserved racial customs and characteristics, lending color to the public celebrations and festivals of Nova Scotia and providing an aura of romance and tradition that has intrigued many writers.

The tang of the sea still permeates the old Province. Ghosts of old four-masters and their robust crews seem to haunt the Atlantic ports and tales of pirates and buried treasure strengthen the imagination of the visitor. It is the story of Nova Scotia, and the racial contrasts of her people, that give the Province an old world atmosphere as definite as the salty breezes which provide the peninsula with such an invigorating climate.

FILM PARADE

Cats, Dogs and Movie Stars

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

CATS are always misunderstood on the screen, but cats don't care.

Cat-lovers do, but there aren't enough of them to matter. The true cat-lover's feeling towards the whole cat species is fond, enchanted and slightly mystical. He can't pass a cat on the street, no matter what its age, class or condition, without stopping to set up those communications that every cat-lover knows that even cats will recognize. The sight of an alley cat reaching into a garbage pail, all hungry haunches and fierce intensity of tail will stir the true cat-lover to the highest pitch of aesthetic excitement and pure tenderness.

On the other hand it loves dogs. It loves them with a large coy affection that has been the ruin of dogs on the screen. Dogs are now so camera-wise that the true dog-lover feels towards dog-stars much as the true child-lover feels towards screen-children. They make him a little sick.

Since they are almost perfectly unfameable, cats are of very little use to an industry which naturally rates docility high. Cats won't make fools of themselves. They won't fetch or carry as dogs do. They won't ogle or cooperate in love scenes. The cat's attitude to sex is terrible and im-

mediate, and that rules him out, even as a symbol.

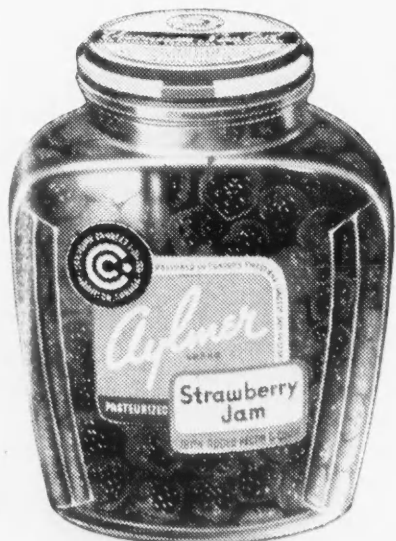
And of course cats are of no use as pets on the screen, since actors, as far as I can observe, rarely like cats. Maybe it is just that the natural, though so different egoisms of cats and actors are mutually destructive. Anyway you have only to watch an actor with a cat to realize that the show of feeling is only acting and usually bad acting. I have never seen an actor on the screen who knew how to approach a cat, nor a cat that didn't respond with perfect cat-intuitiveness to a lack of feeling it was too indifferent to deprecate. They just yawn, stretch, and get out. Sometimes even the actors don't bother. I remember a picture in which Carole Lombard had a pet cat

at least she had an apartment with a cat, presumably her own in it and when she came in and found the cat curled up on her day bed she just swept it off as though it were an old newspaper. The cat didn't care.

So cats on the screen are used chiefly as gags. In a picture shortly to be released there is a cat who was selected chiefly because he looked like one of the principal characters—incidentally the head of the Gestapo. The director, who couldn't let well enough alone, decided to make the cat up to look even more like the actor. But cats know how to resist both artifice and affront and I am glad to report that in the end the makeup artist had to change the Gestapo chief to look like the cat.

Sometimes of course cats are used to reveal character, though the revelation to any true cat-lover is usually away off the mark. In "Tight Shoes" for instance, the Damon Runyan film at the Imperial this week, a gangster (Broderick Crawford) stops on the street to pet a cat. "Give him a saucer of milk," he orders his side-arms carrier, "Grade A milk with a mouse for dessert." The cat understood perfectly. He just shucked his shoulders and strolled off.

"TIGHT Shoes" is the usual Damon Runyan show, loud, ingenious and familiar. It has Binnie Barnes as its chief ornament, and Binnie is magnificently tough, a water-front strip-teaseuse who dedicates herself and her art to the cause of civic purity. "Love Crazy" is funny most of the time, though it does give one uneasy moments of wondering if any of us are safe from the solicitude of lunacy commissions. Myrna Loy and William Powell are very much themselves and they have a dog of course—a cute terrier who knows all the camera angles. "Caught in the Draft" with Bob Hope follows the usual rookie-and-enraged Colonel pattern. The wisecracks are much more ingenious than the plot or most of the situations.



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THE LONDON LETTER

Britain's War Weapons Weeks

RECENTLY all Britain has been blossoming with War Weapons Weeks. And when I say "blossoming" I mean just that—flags and banners and streamers of all sorts, parades and speeches and bands, color and music and patriotic dashings to and fro. War Weapons Week, in fact, is a sort of universal three-ring circus. And very, very good business, too!

Already throughout the country these genial but determined efforts to stand the average citizen on his head, so that everything he has in his pockets falls out into the sack, have resulted in the raising of more than £200,000,000. And that is a really tremendous sum, when it is considered how much the Chancellor of the Exchequer grabs anyway in the ordinary course of his official deprivations. You would hardly think there would be so much left.

It is true that people are not being asked to give their money, but to lend it. These huge amounts are not donated—though some small part of them is—but invested in War Bonds. None the less, they represent an immense sacrifice on the part of the public, who have saved and stinted themselves in order that they might make these contributions to the national effort. I wonder if any other people, having already given so much, would still be prepared to give so much more. That sort of financial heroism is almost as rare as any other kind.

London has held its War Weapons Week. And London, being London, naturally set itself a very high mark—no less than £100,000,000! But, high and far as it is, London overshot it. For that is another notable thing about these patriotic occasions everywhere. Communities always do better than they set out to do—often two and three times better.

Perhaps it is good psychology on the part of the organisers, not to discourage people by making the aim seem too difficult. Good psychology, too, to give everyone the exhilarating

BY P. O'D.

feeling, when the results come out, that they did far more than they were asked to do, and that little Muddlecombe-on-the-Puddle has been setting a noble example to all the rest of the country.

But the real basis of the astonishing success achieved is that the average Englishman and this goes for his whole family—is in this war for all he is and has. He is willing to do and to give and to bear almost anything including some terribly dull speeches. But then you can't expect all the patriotic orators to be Winston Churchills. The Mayor of Muddlecombe must also have his say, and if he makes rather heavy going of it well, Muddlecombe can take it. Anyway, it is the results that count, and the results are wonderful.

Queen's Hall Destroyed

Great and famous buildings of London were damaged in recent air-raids—Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Hall of Whitehall, St. James's Palace, Lambeth Palace. But of these I do not wish to speak here. A thrill of horror must have gone through all the English-speaking world at the news of the deliberate attack upon them. No doubt, full accounts have already been given everywhere of the damage done to them, and of their glorious history.

But there is one building of which I would like to say something, and that is Queen's Hall, for so many years the leading concert-hall of London. To musicians and music-lovers the world over that also is a very famous place, but it may well have been overlooked in accounts of the general holocaust, where so much of greater fame and importance was damaged or destroyed.

It is forty-eight years since Queen's Hall was opened, and now it is a ruin just two years short of the Jubilee to which its devoted supporters were

looking forward. During that time almost all the great concert-artists of the world have played there, but it is perhaps best known as the home of the Promenade Concerts and the chief scene of Sir Henry Wood's amazing career as a conductor.

It is true that the "Proms" first started at Covent Garden, but these ran for only a short time and were in the nature of a try-out. The real "Proms" began and have ever since continued at Queen's Hall. And from the very beginning they have been conducted by Henry J. Wood, with a success that has made him and them world-famous.

Famed for Much More

But Queen's Hall is famous for much more than these summer-evening concerts. Robert Newman, who built and ruled it, was an ambitious man. He planned a series of Sunday concerts throughout the year, and immediately had on his hands a stern battle with the strict sabbatarians, who were in those distant times a much more potent force than they are now. But he won that, as he won an even sterner battle with the musicians themselves.

It was one of Newman's most cherished schemes to establish a Queen's Hall Orchestra on a more or less permanent basis. Naturally this meant that the members of such an orchestra should always be on hand, when wanted for practices or for performances. But musicians had their own private, and perhaps more lucrative, engagements, which they preferred to keep. And so they had evolved a system of deputies, which was generally accepted, but which certainly did not make for perfection of orchestral achievement. Newman set out to break the system, and he finally succeeded more or less completely—though he lost most of his own money in these musical ventures, and had to get outside financial assistance.

All this is an old story now, though it helps one to understand how great a part Queen's Hall played in the musical history of London. And now of Queen's Hall nothing is left but the outer walls. Even the instruments of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, valued at many thousands of pounds, have been utterly destroyed. But some day, no doubt, a new and better Queen's Hall will rise among the ruins perhaps even in time for the Jubilee that people were hoping to celebrate, though just now that seems rather a lot to hope for.

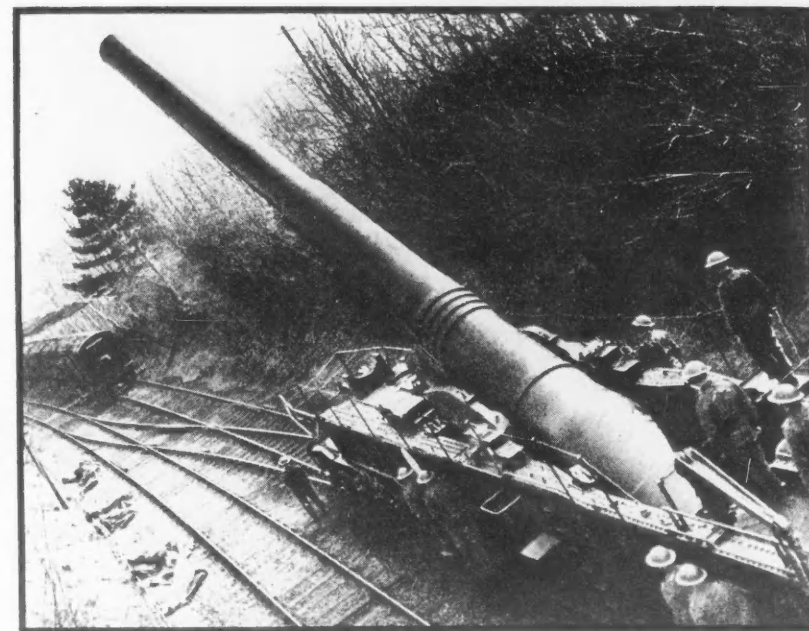
Charges of Graft

In war-time the opportunities for graft and profiteering are more than usually large and plentiful. All sorts of huge undertakings are carried out in a great hurry, with little regard to cost, and without adequate supervision. An immense amount of public money is wasted, and, human nature being what it is, probably a certain portion of this is stolen in one way and another.

But it seems likely that the amount stolen is much less than most people imagine, and that a great many of the stories—oh, the very carefully detailed stories that one hears—are either sheer lies or wild exaggerations. Somehow it always seems easier to believe that a man is a crook than that he is merely making rather a hash of his job.

Not long ago the Select Committee on National Expenditure brought in a report, which I discussed in one of these Letters, in connection with the construction of certain militia camps. The report stated that nearly £60,000,000 had been wasted, and that "allegations of a very serious character" had been made against contractors, surveyors, and others. The Committee went on to say that it was not its job to investigate these allegations, but suggested that something should be done about it.

Mr. Churchill lost no time. He immediately appointed Mr. Justice



One of the large calibre guns which Britain is using to bombard the French coast. It has been christened His Majesty's Gun "Boche Buster".

Simonds to look into these charges. The judge, in turn, has now brought in his report, and gives it as his considered opinion that the charges are baseless, that the War Office made the proper inquiries into all of them, and that the decision to take no further action was fully justified.

One up to the War Office! At the same time, this does not mean that the report of the Select Committee was hasty and ill-considered. Neither does it mean that the charges of waste and bad management were ill-founded. Justice Simonds was not investigating them. His job was to look into the "serious allegations" of graft and speculation, and on these he gives the War Office a clean bill of health. The £60,000,000 may have been wasted, but it was not stolen, or any considerable part of it. Not altogether reassuring perhaps, but still encouraging.

The Case of the Bishop

Another case that has recently attracted considerable attention is that of the Bishop of Birmingham. Bishop Barnes is a very eminent ecclesiastic, able, energetic, and devoted. But he is inclined at times to be much too outspoken in his opinions.

Not long ago he made a speech in

which he said that the cement manufacturers of the country were deliberately holding up production and thwarting the plans of the Government so as to increase their own profits—especially in connection with the construction of air-raid shelters. This was a very serious charge to make, coming from such a source—or coming from any source, for that matter—and the cement manufacturers promptly took action. They sued the Bishop, and last week were awarded £1,600 damages for what the presiding judge described as a "grave slander."

It cannot be said that the Bishop of Birmingham has come very well out of the affair and not merely financially. He made reckless charges, calculated, as the judge suggested, to stir up public fury and indignation against the makers of cement. He refused to apologize, and he did not appear in court to explain or defend himself. In fact, he fled no defence at all, but retired behind the rampart of his episcopal conscience and dignity.

The court was not impressed, and the judge was exceedingly acid about it all. Which should be a salutary lesson to the Bishop, and also to a lot of other ecclesiastics, eminent and otherwise.



His Majesty is not examining a ghost, as you might imagine, but a soldier wearing a new form of camouflage which gives complete disguise at exceptionally close range. Problems of camouflage are receiving careful attention and interesting advances have been made.

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All the accessories of the well-dressed salad are to be found on the tea-wagon, ready to be wheeled to the coolest spot in house or garden. Greens to be tossed in the wooden bowl, seasonings and the "makings" for one's favorite dressing, all are at hand in one compact unit to lend atmosphere to the pleasant ceremony of salad-making in warm weather.

CONCERNING FOOD

Still More Herbs

BY JANET MARCH

IT'S simply hopeless reading about herbs this column naturally expected. Every minute that you do it you feel yourself growing quainter and quainter, and all worked up about the monks who had sweet-smelling herb gardens, and did so many things with what they grew in them. Perhaps we could meet next year's income tax by developing a local variety of Benedictine or Chartreuse, and perhaps when the mists of herbal enthusiasm cleared it would be found to taste quite awful.

People who write about tansy and saffron seem to work themselves into a lather of enthusiasm, and queerly spelled quotations spring at you all up and down the pages. You mayn't know unless you are an herbalist that sage is said to make you immortal, that camomile is good for the chest, and coriander for gout well you can run on indefinitely this way. Try mint for your nerves, put parsley on your bruises, and if you are forgetful try rue and mint and vinegar on your nose, and see if you can remember where you hid the key of the silver box last September. But we

must get on to our business because we aren't really trying to cure the gout with the products of the garden. We are just going to cook with them and here are a few recipes of dishes which herbs improve, or even make.

Green Leek Soup

- 1 pound of spinach
- 1 cup of green peas
- 1 onion chopped
- Tops of 4 leeks
- 6 cups of water
- 1 strip of bacon
- 1 cup of cream
- 1 teaspoon of salt

Bouquet of herbs consisting of a bunch of parsley, thyme and celery leaves

Cook the leek tops and the spinach and the peas in the water with the salt. Fry the onion and the bacon for two or three minutes and add to the other vegetables. Put in the herbs as soon as the mixture boils. Simmer for an hour and a half, strain

and just before serving add the cream.

Green Mayonnaise

Mayonnaise is a thing which you get tired of in the summer because it appears the same way so often, so here is a chance to change its appearance and taste.

- 1 cup of plain mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon of parsley
- 1 tablespoon of watercress
- 1 tablespoon of chervil
- 1 tablespoon of minced tarragon
- Salt

Boil the parsley, watercress, and chervil in salted water for seven minutes, and then rub through a sieve into the mayonnaise. Add the fresh minced tarragon afterwards.

Even in hot weather when a slice of cold pink beef seems just about the nicest and easiest way to eat meat, there are times when the end of the roast has to be disposed of.

Beef Hash

Left over beef cut in smallish slices

- 1 onion sliced
- 2 cups of soup stock
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 1 tablespoon of flour
- 2 tablespoons of herbs consisting of minced tarragon, parsley, and chervil
- Cayenne, salt, a sprinkling of nutmeg
- 1 cup of mushroom catsup

Melt the butter and add the onion and the herbs and cook till they are pale brown, then add the flour, and seasonings and stock, and let boil for ten minutes. Strain and add the mushroom catsup, and the slices of beef and let it heat thoroughly without boiling. Serve with thin slices of toast around the edge of the dish.

Sauce Vinaigrette

This is a very useful summer sauce for it is good on cold asparagus or cauliflower when the day is too hot to face hot vegetables.

- 2 shallots chopped
- 2 sweet pickles minced
- 2 sprigs of chopped parsley
- 2 sprigs of chervil chopped
- 2 sprigs of tarragon chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon of minced chives
- 1 tablespoon of capers
- Salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons of tarragon vinegar
- 6 tablespoons of olive oil
- 1 hard boiled egg yolk

Mash the egg yolk with a fork and mix everything well together just before using.

Cold Stuffed Eggs

- 6 hard boiled eggs
- Mayonnaise flavored with a little tarragon
- 1/2 teaspoon of dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon of finely minced chives
- 1 tablespoon of minced tarragon
- Shredded raw cabbage
- Salt and pepper

Cut the eggs in half and take out the yolks and mash them up, adding mayonnaise, mustard, salt, pepper, chives, tarragon. Fill the whites with this mixture. Shred the cabbage very finely and mix it with tarragon mayonnaise, or French dressing if you prefer. Arrange the eggs on the cabbage and pour a little extra mayonnaise on each egg.

Omelet with Fine Herbs

Here is the old friend of a million French menu cards. It can really be turned out in your own house quite easily and taste just as good.

- 5 eggs
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- Pepper, salt
- Herbs

Put the butter in the pan which, according to the professionals, should be a heavy one. When the butter starts to smoke pour in the lightly beaten eggs. Stir while in the pan, and shift and lift it so that it does not burn or stick. When it is done slide it on to a platter. Remember that the inside should be soft almost runny. About one tablespoonful of herbs should be added to the centre of the omelet just before serving, or if you like it better stir the herbs into the eggs with the salt and pepper. The best liked "fine herbs" are chives, parsley, chervil, basil and thyme together; or chives, tarragon and parsley; or chives, chervil, sweet marjoram, thyme and parsley; or fennel and chives. One tablespoonful is ample for a five egg omelet.

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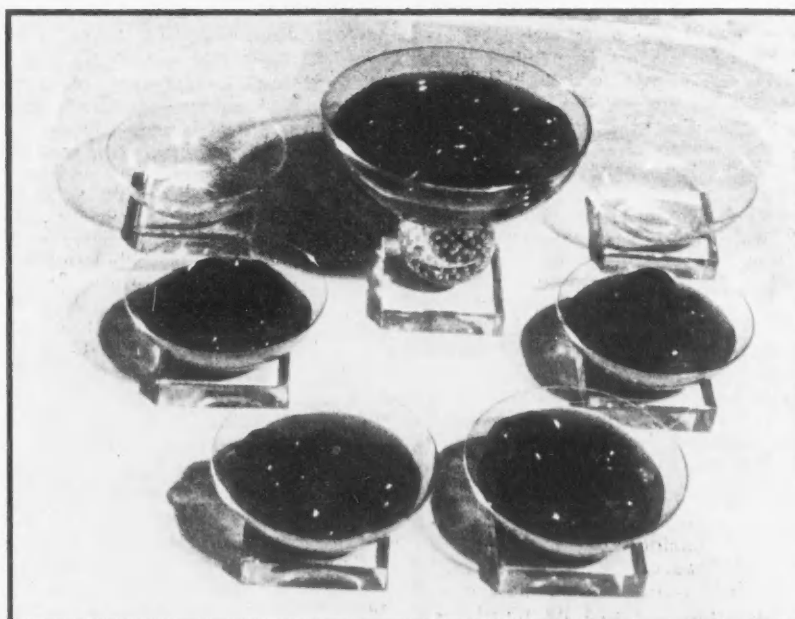
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Crisis in Promenade Concerts

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



Mobley Lushanya, next Prom soloist.

THE published correspondence in connection with the sudden retirement of Reginald Stewart as conductor of the Promenade Symphony Concerts at Varsity Arena, as well as information from various other sources, points pretty clearly to one conclusion, that the chief executive officers of the Toronto Musical Protective Association were on the alert for any opportunity that might present itself to heel Mr. Stewart off the podium.

Colloquially known as the Musical Union, this association is the local affiliate of the American Federation

of Musicians, of which a Mr. Petrillo of Chicago is the head. During the many years that Joseph Weber was head of that organization there underlay his policies a genuine love and respect for finished orchestral performance, due to the fact that as a young man he was chief clarinetist of the Cincinnati Orchestra, and his wife, Camilla Weber, was a distinguished violinist. Weber could be arbitrary enough, but in personal contacts with him, the writer found him sincerely desirous for the improvement of orchestral performances in America. That they did improve and expand remarkably during his long regime was a fact of which he was proud. Since his retirement an entirely new atmosphere has been created in the Federation and its affiliates. It is notorious that all musicians, real or alleged, look alike to Mr. Petrillo. Toscanini is no better in his eyes than a fiddler on a ferry boat. Able conductors he particularly despises; and the idea that they should be "put in their place" has become rampant in his organization. It is naturally popular with the horde of musical blacksmiths who constitute a large part of the Federation's membership. The case of Reginald Stewart and the orchestra he had to all intents and purposes created is symptomatic. It may happen to any conductor, however able, any time, anywhere.

Mr. Stewart's "number went up" as soon as his long labors to make a really fine musical instrument began to bear fruit. The improvement in the quality of its performance last season and this have frequently been mentioned in these columns. As soon as this improvement was generally recognized it was decided that ways and means must be found to get rid of him. It was perhaps felt that his ever-growing prestige was stealing glory from the Musical Protective Association and influencing the public to focus too much attention on the conductor. The contention that a conductor should adopt a Chesterfieldian

manner at rehearsal, when a player exacerbates him by repeatedly playing off key, is one that would amaze all the celebrated conductors of the world, past or present. But it was on the pretext that in his zeal for results Mr. Stewart was too caustic, that he was forced out.

The idea prevails in union conclaves that an orchestra conductor is just a time-beater, and that one conductor is about as good as another, even if called in at the last minute to take the baton which has been wrested from the hands of his predecessor. By the time this column is read, Dr. Graham Godfrey of Hamilton, who was thus called in for last week's concert, will have had an opportunity to show what he can do with the customary amount of rehearsal, but meanwhile it is just as well to draw a veil over last week's proceedings as far as the orchestra's performance is concerned.

Future Outlook

The outlook for the future is not encouraging. The Proms had grown into a delightful and profoundly educational institution entirely as a result of Mr. Stewart's untiring labors over a period of more than seven years. They have been welcomed on broadcasts all over Canada and the United States, and through short wave in South America. Of late the prestige of Mr. Stewart has been even higher in the United States than in Canada. His retirement means that much of the work will have to be done all over again, and his successor, whoever he may be, will have the unpleasant consciousness that the sword of Damocles is hanging over his head if he strives too earnestly to secure the discipline which is indispensable for beautiful orchestral music.

It was fortunate for last week's audience that one of the world's greatest instrumentalists, Gregor Piatigorsky, had been engaged. So far as one knows, only two contem-



Reginald Stewart, ex-Prom conductor.

porary cellists are his equals in nobility of tone and technical finesse—Ria Garbousova and Emmanuel Feuerman, and neither is so impressively endowed in respect of personality. In the circumstances the Schumann Concerto was about as unfortunate a choice as could have been made. It is at best an uninspired work, and the soloist's task was trebled by the lack of adequate orchestral support. It has been called "the best thing Schumann ever wrote for a string instrument," but that is not saying much, since Schumann's genius lay entirely in the fields of pianoforte and lieder composition. Its music is designed to exploit virtuosity, and is jumpy and restless in development. A cadenza is always a platitude, and that which concludes this work is unusually jejune, but Piatigorsky's tone is so warm and emotional and his finger-work so deft that it became glamorous.

He was much happier in short works with the gifted Leo Barkin at the piano. He was the first artist whom I ever heard to Dinicu's wonderfully stimulating "Hora Staccato" and his performance is inimitable. A transcription of Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" sounded almost as impressive as Arthur Rubinstein's rendering on the piano. He turned all the six numbers he played into poetic song.

Mr. Stewart will conduct the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington on July 7, and three concerts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at the Lewisohn Stadium on July 14, 15 and 16.



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MONTREAL LONDON NEW YORK

AT THE THEATRE

Transfiguration In Pago Pago

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE current production at the Royal Alce is undoubtedly the finest that has been seen yet in Mr. McCoy's summer season. Somerset Maugham's *Rain* is one of the best plays in the modern repertory and the company, headed by Lenore Ulric, give it everything it needs. If it had been possible for the actors to rehearse for four weeks rather than one I think that this would have been a great production.

The play is too well known to need extended comment. In remote, tropical Pago Pago Sadie Thompson, a prostitute from San Francisco, meets the Rev. Alfred Davidson, a missionary to whom, as Sadie says, "God is nothing but a cop". Davidson reforms Sadie and then, aided by the insistent rain of the tropics, Sadie (from one point of view) reforms him. The play is an eloquent exposition of the old quarrel between Hebraism and Hellenism and the decision is the only possible one—a draw. Davidson cuts his throat and Sadie resumes her former life.

When *Rain* was first produced it caused a considerable sensation; it was the *Tobacco Road* of its day. It was interesting to see how well the play had retained its ability to shock. Inevitably some of the shock found its expression in laughter, and superficially it seemed as though a part of the audience found Davidson's

fall from his own particular sort of grace highly diverting. But it was the laughter of shock, the laughter which covers a scream. Most of us are timid souls, and the doctrine of Sadie and the doctrine of Davidson have us equally behind the eight ball.

As Sadie Thompson, Miss Lenore Ulric played with remarkable power and conviction, although she is hampered by many mannerisms. As Davidson, Mr. Hunter Gardner was admirably cast, and his scene of temptation before he went to Sadie's room was the high spot of the play, and, as far as I am concerned, of the present season. It is doubtful if he quite caught the ignorance which is one of Davidson's chief characteristics, but he had everything else. The supporting cast was wholly adequate, but Leslie Austin, Ethel Britton, and Wanda Barbee must be mentioned specially.

A word must also be said for the excellent staging of the play. The rain in particular was splendidly effective, though a little loud. It, aided by the usual representation from the Friends of Mucous in the audience, completely drowned Miss Barbee's big scene. If Mr. McCoy can continue to give us productions as good as this we who remain in tropical Toronto for the summer will rise up and call him blessed.

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"THE BACK PAGE"

Vancouver Revisited is Different

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

I SUPPOSE most of you have heard the chestnut about the man who, on arriving at a town in the old west, talked enthusiastically about the one from which he had just come.

"It's not as big as that," said one of the listeners. "I know, for I've come from it myself."

"When did you leave it?" the newcomer promptly inquired, and on being told "Only last week," remarked with an air of finality, "You should see it now!"

Despite the delightful exaggeration in that old wheeze it comes to my mind every time I return to Vancouver.

As for my first visit: It was on a day of the last year of the last century, and I must tell you that at that time I was influenced by a youthful whim. I had horror at the thought of working indoors. Somewhere in my reading I had come across this: "Contemptible to me is the whole stuffy business of living in houses and going into offices." That was my slogan then, my private slogan. Proudly I carried a blanket-roll as well as a suit-case, and in active I played the part from hat to boots—an Empire Maker, a Dominion Builder by the sweat of the brow and callouses on the hands!

The train coasted Burrard Inlet, slowed down, stopped at old Vancouver and with my bundle on my shoulder and feeling that none could be bolder for I had but two dollars of ready-money in my pocket—I alighted. Across the board-walk of those days was a long row of hotel vehicles—all horse-drawn, of course, the gasoline age not having arrived then. Standing beside each was a hotel barker barking the name of his house.

It happened that few got off the train that day, which intensified their efforts to obtain guests. I found myself suddenly the centre of a wild scrimmage. Some fought to possess me, some for my suit-case, some for the blanket-roll as if under the impression that where it went I would follow. In the end I was taken prisoner by a large red-faced man who had fought valiantly for possession of me, and was thrown with my suit-case and my proud blanket-roll into his rickety bus. Away we drove, both out of breath from the hilarious tussle, up a zig-zag road to a street above the station.

IT SEEMED to be a fairly long drive before we stopped at what even in those days would have been called "a tough-looking joint." Leaving his horse in care of a young man who was nibbling a toothpick at the door, my captor led the way in at the broad open entrance to the saloon, ignoring the narrow and closed hotel entrance to one side. My suit-case and blanket-roll he threw down to one end of the bar and on the bar, with a motion as of a conjuring trick, he placed a bottle of whisky and a tumbler. As he did so several idle dipsomaniacs, who had watched my arrival with wary eyes, rose from their chairs and stepping clear of the ranks of expidors walked to the bar and leaned against it expectantly.

I realized that here was a usage surviving from still older days, that it was expected of me to stand treat in celebration of my arrival, and I was overcome by humiliation because of my financial state. What was two dollars among so many?

"I won't have one just now," I said.

The dipsomaniacs philosophically pivoted round without registering any disapproval, perhaps because of my youth. Stolidly, silently, they returned to their chairs. My captor shrugged his shoulders.

"You might as well have had it," said he. "It's a free drink. This is a free house on arrival and a three free drinks a day house—one before each meal or all three together in the evening, just as you fancy."

Whether a drink apiece for the welcoming deputation would have been free also or on me I did not inquire, for I was not anxious to enter into a talk, however interesting regarding the ways of the house, that might have revealed my financial condition at the moment.

MY TOLERANT captor glanced at a card on the wall, then over his shoulder he gave me the number of a room and it seemed I was dismissed. He helped himself to a cigar and having lit it and finding me still there looked astonished, then suddenly realized, apparently, what I was waiting for and informed me "There ain't no key," and added, "Second room on the right, top of the stairs."

Picking up my belongings I ascended to that keyless, carpetless room, and leaving them under one of the three beds descended at once and passed out by the straight and narrow doorway, avoiding the embarrassing bar-room. To pay even for that dreary shelter I knew that I must find immediate work.

It was easier for a young man in those days to find work than it is now. The cheerful waiter in a restaurant I had noticed on the way—a restaurant that announced "Fifteen cent meals, and Coffee that makes you think of Home and Mother"—told me where I could get a job. And he told me true. Yes, those were different days from the present. The foreman was watching for my coming. He would have been sorely disappointed if I had been only wanting to have a look at his gang at work. Before I had got halfway through the ritualistic sentence "Is there any chance . . ." he was saying, "You bet. There's a pick and a shovel jump in there."

Jump in was right. The gang was

Answers to Literary Quiz

1. Wilkie Collins 2. Charles Dickens 3. Anthony Trollope 4. Mary Shelley 5. George Bernard Shaw 6. Charles Lever 7. Edgar Allan Poe 8. Robert Southey 9. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) 10. William Makepeace Thackeray.

digging a trench into which eventually sewage pipes were to be laid, and the trench had a slope in it. Where I had to jump in it must have been ten feet deep. Every now and again the boss came with a long stick to measure the depth. "Another six inches," or "Another foot," he would order; and then "All right—up you come," and up we would come and move further along. A trench was not dug all the way, but there were a series of long trenches in line, with a short space not dug up in between. When we had attained the required depth we made a low tunnel into the next section.

I CAN still remember very clearly our arrivals in the mornings. We looked down into our trenches and found them carpeted with toads, toads as big as my hand, that had blundered in overnight. Sometimes they would be flopping about two or three deep. We used to get down as daintily as we could so as not to squash them, toe a few away to find foothold, and then begin to shovel them up. "Pick and shovel stiffs," as we were called, did not in those days demand long-handled shovels. We all worked with the short-handled variety. These toads, unfortunately, did not seem always to understand that we were trying to be good to them. You might get one on your shovel and with an elastic motion he would promptly amble off on to the back of another. Again you would get him on your shovel, then toss him in air with a final twisting flick to make sure of him going over the edge atop. But he would not understand. He would wriggle so violently that back into the trench he would come with a flop. Sometimes in their aerial athletics they would come down slap on the back of one's neck like a cold poultice. One of the bosses used to become annoyed at our care of these creatures, and in the mornings

would walk along by the trenches yelling, "Aw, shovel 'em out, shovel 'em out anyhow!" But most of the bosses seemed to share the view of most of the gang that mercy might be shown even to toads.

THE gang came from all parts of the world. One day working beside me was an old buck navy who had helped to make the Mersey Ship Canal, he told me. There were sailors there who had quit the sea, at least for a spell. During the noon rest they recognized their kin and the talk, over their lunch-pails, was of seamen's boarding houses and other sanctuaries for sailor-men in the ports of the world from the Baltic to Hong Kong. There were men from the South Sea Islands. You could tell these by the fact that instead of saying "this city" or "this place" they said "this beach." They came from all sorts and conditions of society. In my fifteen cent restaurant of the memorial coffee, where many of them ate their evening meal, one of the gang one day, as if by a sudden emotional urge, whirled round on his stool at the counter and declaimed to a sympathetically listening audience the whole of Kipling's poem about "For to admire and for to see, For to be old the world so wide."

After a spell of ditch digging I had change of manual labor in shovelling macadamised rock off scows that were brought by tug-boats and moored sometimes near where the Yacht Club boats lie now, sometimes at False Creek. In those days Indians used to paddle past in False Creek and pause to watch us at our shovelling with commiseration in their dark eyes I used to think. Yet what a miserable youth I was when owing to a strained muscle in my back I had to forsake manual labor and take a job indoors.

WHEN the back was healed I went off to what in Vancouver was called "the Upper Country," to wrestle with cant-hooks and peavies in the lumber-camps, and did not return till twelve years had passed. I had a desire, on that return, to see some of those who had been my chums. But how could that desire be satisfied? Many of them I had only known by nicknames. But the natal names of one or two I had known and recalled. Happy thought: there was a telephone directory lying on the table in my hotel bedroom—a room with a key and generous furnishings, a room to which I had ascended by elevator and up to which I had not carried a blanket-roll, had not carried anything.

The town the city had grown greatly in my absence, but there was the telephone book: Smith—how about my old friend Smith? He might be on the phone. But when I turned to the Smiths I was doubtful. I had known him as Four-Eyes Smith (because of his spectacles) and had only a vague impression of his initials. It would take too long, there would be too many explanations. I would have to begin each call with: "Are you the Smith who used to be called Four-Eyes by the pick and shovel stiffs?" People might object to that. (He was actually then, as I discovered later, although I thought I would never hear of him again on the staff of a leading Liverpool daily.) Then there was Billy So-and-So, who used to say in his Londoner's voice, "Some day I'm going to make my pile and go back 'ome. You want to find me, say, forty years 'ence? Look for me in Wimbledon. Old Billy, potterin' about in his gardening down Wimbledon way. That's me." I made one or two attempts with the William So-and-So's in the telephone book but conversations became so involved that I gave up the attempt. Of him too I heard later. He was away up in Dawson, Yukon Terri-

tory. Four-Eyes and Billy were the only ones I heard of again. All, all were gone, the old familiar faces!

FOR old times' sake I thought that I would take a walk round Stanley Park. So I hiked across to English Bay and stood amazed. There was cement there. There were bathing houses, bathing tents. There were families swimming, families wading, families eating sandwiches and hot-dogs and ice-cream cones. I wanted to run away—into the past. I went on into the park. In the former days when you were walking round the park and met anybody you did at least say "Howdo," or "Plenty of rain!" You made a pass-

ing salutation of some sort. To the first man I met I said, cheerily, "How-do, sir." He halted abruptly, eyed me suspiciously, and inquired, "What did you say?" A feeling of meekness came over me and apologetically I replied, "I just said How-do."

"Oh!" said he, and was about to walk on. But I seemed to arouse his curiosity. He delayed, half turned to me, and looked me up and down so I decided to explain myself.

"What changes there are here," I began, "since I was here last."

"Changes?" said he.

"Sure," I replied. "All the cement, all the kids on the beach and people eating ice-cream, and people eating sandwiches—and the bathing-tents."

"When were you here last?" he asked.

"About twelve years ago," I said.

He looked me coldly in the eye and remarked, "If you had stayed you might have been a millionaire by now."

"Oh!" I said and nodded to him, and he nodded to me. We parted.

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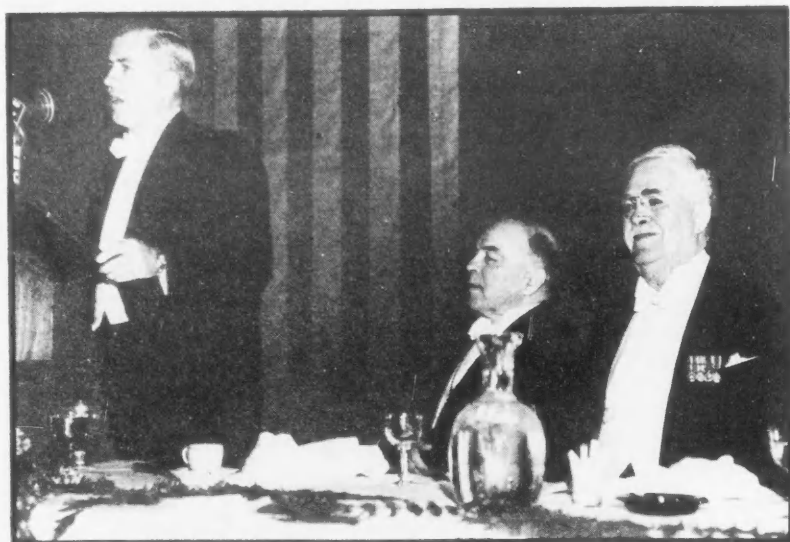
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Canadian Industry Meets Skilled Labor Dearth

PEOPLE make news



Last week Prime Minister Mackenzie King was guest of honor at a banquet given by the Associated Canadian Organizations in New York. Here U.S. Vice-President Wallace speaks while the Prime Minister and Minister of the Union of South Africa R. W. Close listen. Back in Canada, Mr. King left for a tour of the West under heavy Press fire for his refusal to attend an Empire War conference in London.



Mrs. Bridget Hitler, Irish-born sister-in-law of Adolf Hitler, who works with the British War Relief Society in New York. She is suing Alois Hitler, Adolf's half brother, for an annulment.



Latest beauty contest winner in one of the myriad of contests held throughout the U.S. during summer months is Kay Herman of Texas. Last week Kay was chosen as the ideal magazine cover girl.



Marshal Semion Timoshenko, who has in recent years reorganized Russia's armies and is now shouldered with the task of directing those armies against Germany. He is 46, ex-peasant.



Mme. Simone Mathieu, champion woman tennis player of France, who is in London working with the Free French. She has been condemned to death in absentia by pro-Nazi Vichy government.

ASSUMING that war orders and appropriations of the Canadian Government on its own behalf and on behalf of Britain will total \$3,000,000,000—the actual figure is certain to be more—and estimating that every \$2,000 of this whether for ships, planes, shells, uniforms or whatnot calls, on the average, for one man-year of work, you discover that we are proposing to deliver 1,500,000 man-years of skilled and semi-skilled work. Where are we going to get it? In a nation with a slender reserve of skilled manpower, the problem, to say the least, is pressing.

To help solve it, more and more industries are installing Employee Training Plans. In a previous article (S.N., June 7) we spoke of the necessity for widespread introduction of such training plans and distinguished between "Trade Training"—thorough, complete and comparatively slow—and "Job Training"—quick but neither thorough nor complete. It is the purpose of this article to outline very briefly, some of the plans adopted by representative Canadian industries, both to cope with the present emergency and to provide for future requirements.

Early in the present war, Canadian Vickers Limited recognized that virtually all their skilled men would soon be required as key men and that a system would have to be put

BY PHILIP BERMINGHAM

To fill the war orders on hand, Canada is proposing to deliver an estimated 1,500,000 man-years of skilled and semi-skilled labor. How is a nation like ours, with a minimum of skilled manpower in reserve going to solve the problem?

Here in his second article, Philip Bermingham outlines the plans which some Canadian companies have instituted to meet their own individual problems.

into effect to train young men as machine operators under the supervision of experts. The company was engaged in the manufacturing of aeroplane parts, work which requires the highest accuracy. Accordingly, a number of young men were selected and trained. In about a year and a half many of them have become good machine operators.

A Four-Year System

While this plan helped to meet the company's most pressing needs, observation showed that a more complete system of training was re-

quired. Accordingly, a four-year system of apprentice training was decided upon.

Under this plan boys are selected between the ages of 16 and 20, preferably with some technical training. They must pass a test on fundamental mechanics and show a desire to learn and they must agree to take a home study correspondence course. The student apprentice pays for this course out of his weekly wages, but on completion of the four year term, the whole of the cost is refunded to him by the company.

An apprentice instructor guides the boys, follows their progress and has them transferred regularly to different departments. Although this plan has been in operation for only four months, it is already showing gratifying results.

The Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. inaugurated a plan of apprentice training in 1935 at its huge plant at Arvida, P.Q. The primary purpose of the plan was to supply competent mechanics from the youth of the district. As the plan required a five year study period, only a few employees have as yet put in the full study period and none have completed all the requirements of the course. In deference to war conditions, the company has, temporarily, shortened the course by one year.

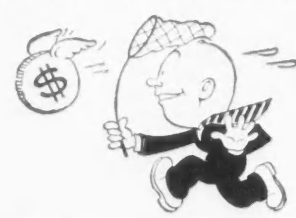
Apprentices are selected by means

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Installment Buying Under Fire

BY P. M. RICHARDS

PRESENT indications are that payrolls in Canada will reach an all-time high this year, perhaps as much as 20 per cent. above any preceding year. This large rise in labor's purchasing power is being reflected in a considerable increase in the demand for civilian goods, at the very time that the supply of such goods is diminishing. In that fact lies a sizable headache for the Government, which reasonably fears that



if buyers, in effect, bid against each other for the limited goods available a runaway price rise may develop. So far the Government has had considerable success in controlling prices, with the cost of living index now standing at 108.6 against 104.6 a year ago and 100 for the 1935-39 average.

But retail sales were up 36 per cent. in April, 1941 from April, 1939, making for a highly inflationary situation. Higher taxes, the small rise in the cost of living and popular buying of war savings certificates and war bonds have not, so far, succeeded in checking this trend. So the Government is seeking means to divert more purchasing power from civilian non-essentials to the national war effort, to check inflation and to make more productive capacity, labor, raw materials, transportation facilities and electrical energy available for the war effort. Besides the stabilization of all war-industry wages at present levels with provision for cost-of-living bonuses, the Government is considering the placing of restrictions on the purchase of goods on the installment plan.

Companies Have Acted

Actually, leading Canadian finance companies have already moved to tighten up on terms of payment, in part to meet the recognized needs of the war economy and in part to correct long-standing abuses in the installment-selling system. The chief of these is the widespread tendency over recent years to extend the installment system to include non-durable goods, to extend the period of payment beyond a reasonable time and, in many cases, to eliminate down payments. Another evil, in the strenuous pre-war competition for business, was the tendency to extend installment privileges to buyers who, by reason of deficiencies of income or character, were not entitled to them.

As regards the former, it is obviously easy to eliminate this abuse by shortening the period of payment

and requiring a substantial down payment when the purchase agreement is signed. But unfortunately there is more to the matter than this. The basic purpose of the installment-selling system is to ease the burden of payment for purchasers of low income but good character, and thus to widen the market for goods. And it has succeeded, very strikingly, in doing these very things. Its use enables numberless people to enjoy advantages they could not otherwise enjoy, while still living within their means.

Importance of Installment System

It should not be forgotten that people of large income do not buy on installments because they do not need to. Also there is the fact that many who do use the installment plan could, if they chose, finance their purchases in much the same way by obtaining personal loans from lending institutions or borrowing on their insurance. It is the consumer below these income levels who most needs the buying facilities provided by the installment system and who would suffer most if they were restricted or made more costly. As to the credit worthiness of the great majority of users of the installment system, statistics covering many years of its operation, through bad times as well as good, show extraordinarily small percentages of defaults and repossessions.

But the most important consideration of all, in contemplating the imposition of restrictions on installment selling as a means to reduce the public's spending on non-essential goods, is surely the tremendous part played by the exercise of consumer credit in bringing about our modern mass production of goods, in creating and maintaining employment, and in reducing prices, widening markets and raising standards of living. Our modern industrial system is bound up with the installment sales system. If installment selling were wiped out, one result would be a severe contraction of business for many firms not engaged in war production but whose functioning (in respect of taxes paid, employment furnished, etc.) is an important prop for the war economy.

If the Government finds it necessary, in the interests of the national war effort, to take steps that will sharply reduce the amount of buying on installments, well and good, the war effort comes first. But it should not be thought that it would be socially constructive from any other angle.



of personal interviews and are put on a three months' probation period before being finally accepted. Apprentices are given increases in pay depending upon the number of hours worked. The company appoints an apprentice supervisor and instructor and each apprentice employee is required to spend two hours in class every week on company time.

The company believes that the results so far obtained under this plan have fully justified the effort, and that its future supply of skilled

workmen will be as nearly assured as it is humanly possible to make it.

In addition to the long term apprentice training plan, the Aluminum Company of Canada, Limited had to develop an emergency training program in order to staff its big new fabricating plant at Kingston. This was a difficult undertaking because there were few skilled workers to draw upon and only a limited supply of recruits who had no training whatever in machine operation. With the assistance of experts

from the United States a nucleus of skilled men was drafted and taught how to train others. There are now 750 workers in the Kingston plant and another 750 will be employed in the near future. Few of these men had any previous industrial experience whatever, many of them coming from surrounding farm areas.

T. and N.O. Plan

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, while not faced with the same emergency problems as war industries like Vickers and Aluminum, nevertheless felt the need of a comprehensive employee training plan. Such a plan was inaugurated in 1937 and revamped in 1939 to cover a definite schedule. This schedule consisted of routing the various apprentices through the different shops in order that they might acquaint themselves with various types of work. Each apprentice is required to serve 5 months in the drafting office. Their training in this department is most thorough and provides an exceptionally fine groundwork for the handling of blue-prints for their own particular trade when they are called upon to do so.

In addition to this procedure, the apprentices are divided into two groups and given instruction in a specially equipped instruction car every Thursday. This instruction is given during their regular hours of duty, and it is a rule that, no matter how important the work they may be doing, they must attend these classes.

To further improve their education and training, apprentices are required to subscribe, at their own expense, for a correspondence course. The school or college from which the course is taken is left to the apprentices themselves. As a matter of record, all apprentices so far have chosen the International Correspondence Schools. Monthly progress reports are submitted by I.C.S. to the railway and these are checked most carefully. Apprentices who are backward in their lessons are questioned by the Instructor or the Superintendent of Motive Power and Car Maintenance.

Splendid Results Achieved

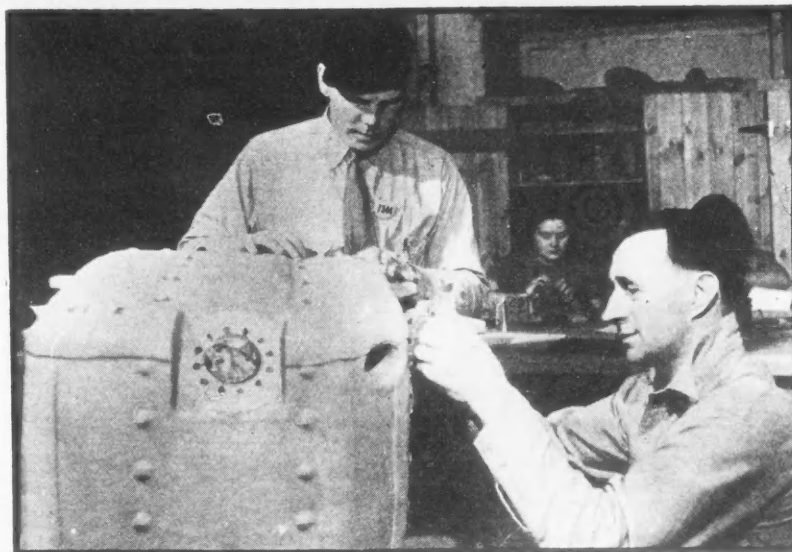
The training period is 5 years. As yet none of the apprentices have had time to graduate into skilled craftsmen but the company believes that splendid results are being achieved.

A few years ago the Shawinigan Water and Power Company realized the necessity of bringing in some young blood with the idea not only of supplying fresh energy but also of maintaining the standard of loyalty associated with long term employees. In 1937, it was decided to take on a number of operating apprentices for training each year. This plan was carried out until war conditions caused it to be temporarily suspended this year.

Apprentice employees are required to take and complete a two year course in the "Fundamentals of Electric Power Plant Operation" supplied by International Correspondence Schools. If they successfully pass their final examinations, the company reimburses them for half of the cost of the course. They then take an advanced course, which probably requires another 3 years, and are again reimbursed for half of the cost on successful completion of the course.

An Employee Training Plan was recently drawn up for the Canadian International Paper Company and the whole pulp and paper industry was advised of it through the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. International Paper put the plan into operation at its plants at Gatineau, P.Q., Three Rivers, P.Q., and Dalhousie, N.B. Similar plans were shortly thereafter adopted by many other pulp and paper companies including The Spruce Falls Power and Paper Company, The Brompton Pulp and Paper Company Limited and the Bathurst Power and Paper Company, Ltd.

Thus it will be seen that many Canadian corporations are tackling the skilled labor problem with vigor and intelligence, even under existing wartime conditions.



This workman is putting finishing touches on a bullet-proof gasoline tank for Canadian-built Hurricanes. The rubber is from British Malaya.



Once Allies, just as much as their fighting men, these French and English women, who more and more take their place in the front lines, are now preparing to aid their countries who are fast becoming estranged. Above: English women register for war service. Below: Jean Borotra, famed French tennis star, now a Vichy man, lectures French women.



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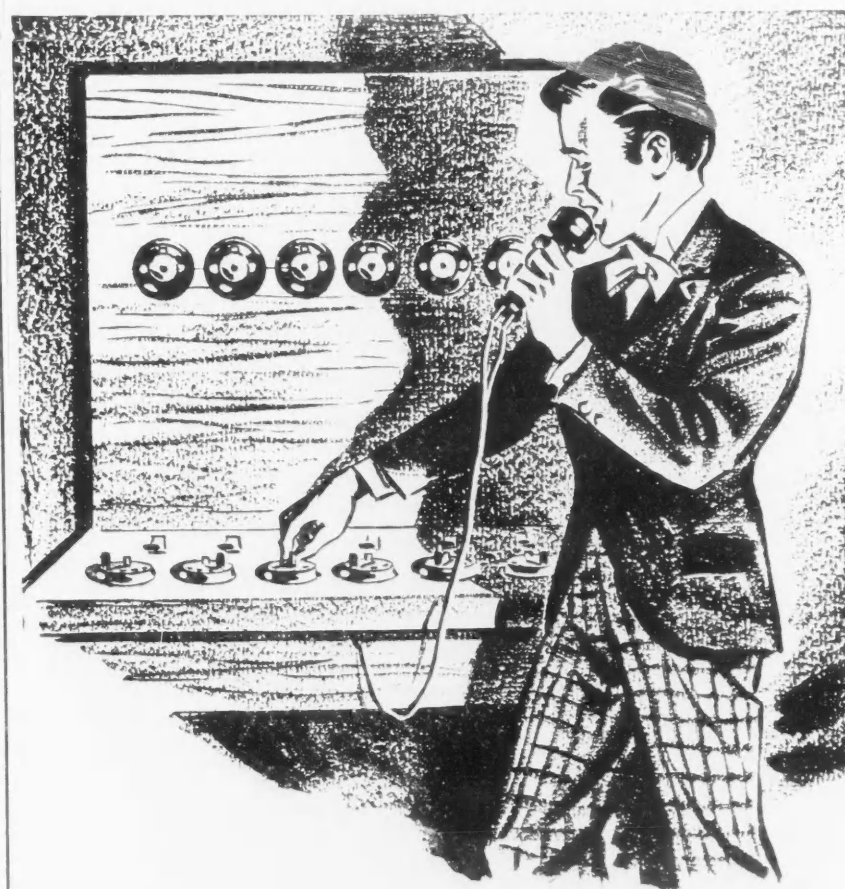
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• The first telephone exchange in the British Empire was opened at Hamilton, Ont., in 1878. It had seven lines and served fifty telephones. Like all the early exchanges, it was operated, amid noise and confusion, by boys who ran about shouting while subscribers held the line and cried "Ahoy, Ahoy!" Today, with quiet efficiency, long distance operators in every exchange make swift connections with the coast-to-coast circuits of the Trans-Canada Telephone System . . . thus providing every telephone subscriber with service that is quick . . . dependable . . . and inexpensive.



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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly



THE WORM IN THE APPLE!

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

WABASSO COTTON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been watching the common stock of Wabasso Cotton Company and I think that it looks like a good buy right now, but I'm a little frightened by the high yield. Does this yield mean that the company is having a hard time earning its dividend? Is the company working on war orders and what is its general outlook?

—D. H. W., Toronto, Ont.

For the duration of the war at least, the outlook for Wabasso Cotton is for operations on an increasing tempo. Right now its plants are working at capacity with three 8-hour shifts a day. And, because the demand for military goods has been greater in this war than the last because the troops are spending a longer period of time in Canada, both in training and waiting to go overseas, Wabasso Cotton has been engaged in filling war orders to the extent of about one-third of its output.

So great has been the demand by war orders upon the company, that domestic orders have had to wait and have often been far behind schedule sometimes months. Incidentally, an interesting and entirely new market has been developed as a result of the war: formerly the bags used by flour milling companies were made of jute, but because of the scarcity of the latter material, milling companies are making bags of cotton fabrics.

Sales to date in the current fiscal year give promise of outstripping those of last year when net profit for the year ended April 27, 1941, was equal to \$8.13 per share, so there is little question of the company earning its dividend requirements. It paid \$1.88 per share last year.

In view of the foregoing, I would say that the common stock of Wabasso Cotton which manufactures cotton yarns and fine cotton goods in its 4 plants in Quebec has above-average appeal at the present market, both for income and for its appreciation possibilities.

PERRON, PREMIER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am thinking of purchasing some mining stock to hold for the long term. Do you consider either Perron or Premier a desirable buy?

S. H., Ingersoll, Ont.

At current prices Perron Gold Mines returns a high yield and has attraction as an investment among the younger gold mines. New records were established in profits, production, tonnage milled and working capital in 1940, when earnings were 28 cents a share as compared with 23 cents in 1939, even after allowing for over three times as much in

taxes. Working capital increased over \$200,000 to \$649,317. Ore reserves were slightly higher in both tonnage and average grade, in fact, the lower levels of the mine are showing an improvement in grade.

Premier Gold Mining is a holding and development company and its yield is also high. This type of operation, however, appears to lack popularity with the public, but Premier has been a continuous dividend payer for a couple of decades and pursues an aggressive policy of seeking new and promising properties, either directly or through its subsidiaries. The company is controlled by American Smelting and Refining Company and has interests in Canada, Australia, Nicaragua and Arabia. Earnings last year were 11.7 cents a share as compared with 9.7 cents in 1939. Working capital at the end of the year was \$948,393.

SAVANT LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Have you any information regarding the results, if any, obtained by Moneta on its Savant Lake property?

—R. C. K., Vancouver, B.C.

Moneta carried out some prospecting last fall on the claims it had staked in the Savant Lake area but failed to discover anything of particular interest. The crew came out before the break-up and no further exploration is planned unless developments in the immediate section should arouse additional interest.



An engineer of a road construction unit of the South African Engineering Corps, on duty near Kenya, Africa, with Field Marshal Smuts' troops, enjoys a bath in a tub he improvised by cutting a petrol tin in half.

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By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT

General Manager

Toronto, 20th June 1941

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 346

EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 72

A regular dividend of 1% and an extra dividend of 1% making 2% in all have been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 15th day of July, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1941.

DATED the 24th day of June, 1941.

I. McIVOR,
Assistant-Treasurer

GOLD & DRROSS

ABITIBI

Editor, Gold & Dross:

For a long time now I have been holding Abitibi bonds and now I see they are going to pay some money on them. Will you please tell me how much this is going to be? Also how the company is doing this year?

—A. O. S., Winnipeg, Man.

On June 7, at Toronto, Justice Middleton ordered G. T. Clarkson, receiver and manager of the Abitibi Power & Paper Company, Limited, to pay bondholders of the company \$6,747,100 on account of principal. The money is to come out of cash and will amount to \$130 per \$1,000 bond.

The order provided for the payment in Canadian funds and instructed Mr. Clarkson to apply to the Foreign Exchange Control Board for facilities to pay non-resident holders. Application for the order was made by the Montreal Trust Company at the request of H. J. Symington, chairman of the Bondholders' Protective Committee.

In the first 5 months of 1941 Abitibi earned \$3,131,023 before bond interest and depreciation—practically half the amount the Court has ordered to be paid to bondholders. Before the payment is made, another month's earnings will have been added, which should mean another \$700,000 on the above-mentioned figure. So that Abitibi, before making allowance for current interest on the bonds for the period or for any heavy capital expenditures, should earn at least 50 per cent of the required payment in the first 6 months of the current year.

O'BRIEN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have particulars on O'Brien Gold. What shape is the company in?

H. L., New Westminster, B.C.

Main interest at the moment in O'Brien Gold Mines centres in one possibility of four new levels which are to be opened up from a new internal shaft being put down 500 feet below the 17th or 2,000-foot horizon. These levels will open up the downward extension of the rich No. 4 vein, in which such spectacular ore was developed some years ago. The persistence of the high grade shoot to

depth has been indicated by diamond drilling and prospects for development are regarded as promising. The high grade ore on the present bottom floor at 2,000 feet is said to have been better than anything below the 11th horizon.

Ore reserves as at October 1, 1940 were sufficient for nearly three years' milling. Current assets on the same date amounted to \$814,634, aside from the stock owned in its subsidiary, Cline Lake Gold Mines. Two five-cent dividends were paid last year and these were comfortably earned.

SISCOE, SYLVANITE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

For some time I have been holding Siscoe, purchased at 2 1/4, and Sylvanite, at 3 1/4. Now I am thinking of disposing of them and taking my loss. What is your opinion?

—J. B. R., Toronto, Ont.

I think if I were you I would continue to hold both Siscoe and Sylvanite. There has been some improvement recently in the prospects for Siscoe and the situation at Sylvanite is stated to have never been better.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE C.I.O. as represented in the Kirkland Lake gold field of Northern Ontario is branded with the same markings as was the O.B.U. (One Big Union) with which radical elements attempted to disrupt the Canadian mining industry during the World War.

The fine record of friendly relations between companies and labor in the Kirkland Lake district did not call for C.I.O. activities in the area before the Nazi set out to subjugate Democracy. It does seem strange that with Democracy now fighting for existence the C.I.O. should attempt to hamper that effort. It is with these thoughts in mind that a great many eyes are turned toward Ottawa to see whether the organization and the things it stands for are to be condemned by the Canadian government, or whether the organization is to be fondled. I know of no greater injustice against the mines of Northern Ontario than that they should be compelled to coddle and embrace that high-smelling Nazi ally known as the C.I.O.

Wright-Hargreaves Mines has met with discouraging results at depth. The company will close its fiscal year on Aug. 31, and the indications are the development during the year will show considerably less new ore encountered than might have been normally expected. Numerous faults have been revealed at 6,300 ft. in depth. This not only accounts for absence of ore but also involves costly exploration in an effort to solve the faulting problem.

Wright-Hargreaves encountered a similar situation at an earlier period in development. James Grant was manager at that time and succeeded in working out the problem. It only remained for Maurice Summerhayes the present manager to continue the Grant program in order to re-establish the enterprise on the high-road to growth and expansion. The condition, however, did reflect itself adversely upon the prosperity of the mine for a considerable period.

Copper production in greater volume is looming up as one of the major problems of the Americas. At the risk of growing monotonous, I have referred time and time again during the past year or two to this very development. SATURDAY NIGHT has repeatedly expressed the fear that a price too rigidly fixed at an extremely low level might well defeat the ends in view.

New developments at Siscoe have changed the outlook for the better and an increase in the milling rate from 650 to 850 tons has been authorized. The larger tonnage is expected to offset the reduction in grade which has lowered profits for the last year. While it is hoped the increased rate will be in effect late this summer it may be somewhat delayed by deliveries of equipment. The mine has several years' ore ahead of the mill and chances are favorable for adding more.

The ore position at Sylvanite was never more favorable and developments in lower levels at the adjoining Wright-Hargreaves property continue to give promise of future satisfactory results to be obtained in Sylvanite's property at the newer levels to be reached from an inside shaft.

In spite of heavier taxes net profit per share for the nine months ending December 31, 1940, were 25.54c per share as compared with 32.99c in the previous 12 months. The milling rate was slightly increased last year, grade well maintained and a small reduction shown in cost per ton of ore treated. Costs however, are expected to rise somewhat during the current year.

Advices from New York and Washington are finally beginning to register alarm. Government officials who have been dozing peacefully in the belief that any copper shortage in North America could be quickly made up for through imports from South America have finally rolled over to discover the stark truth that the combined copper output of both North and South America is at a rate far short of current requirements of the United States. This shortage, unfortunately, is not measured in tens of millions of pounds, but actually in hundreds of millions of pounds. Estimates now available have suggested that United States consumption this year will exceed the output of the Americas by 1,400,000,000 pounds.

Startled almost out of their wits, those who are responsible for providing copper for war and defence are making a belated effort to modify their blunders. The suggestion is being advanced that an advance of about 20 per cent in the price of copper would enable operators to bring additional deposits under production. There are many deposits which cannot be profitably worked with copper at 12 cents per pound, but which could be brought into important production with the metal at 14 or 15 cents per pound.

Scores of copper deposits now in complete idleness could be developed into sources of big production under 15 cent copper, another long list of producers both large and small.

If the high-cost copper reserves are to be utilized, no time should be lost in getting to work. Too much valuable time has already been lost. It will take the greater part of a year to bring these additional mines into production.

Copper deposits lying idle in Canada range from large to small. Coast Copper in British Columbia has big deposits lying entirely idle. Sudbury Basin Mines in Ontario also has a big deposit on its property at Sudbury. Mandy Mines in Manitoba has ore to be drawn upon, these and other Canadian deposits in addition to the scores in idleness throughout the United States.

Hedley Mascot Gold Mines produced \$864,670 during 1940, compared with \$605,121 in the preceding year. Net profit rose to \$179,397 compared with \$125,519 in 1939. Tonnage milled declined to 62,812 tons, but the grade of ore rose from \$9.21 per ton in 1939 to \$13.77 in 1940.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

NORMALLY A PERIOD OF MARKET ADVANCE

On the basis of technical considerations alone, July and August—that is, the two months that lie just ahead—are normally periods of stock market advance. This expectancy may explain the fairly good performance of the New York market over the past several weeks during which price stabilization was succeeded by a tendency toward mild advance. The market, in other words, may have been rounding out a base in anticipation of the usual summer advance.

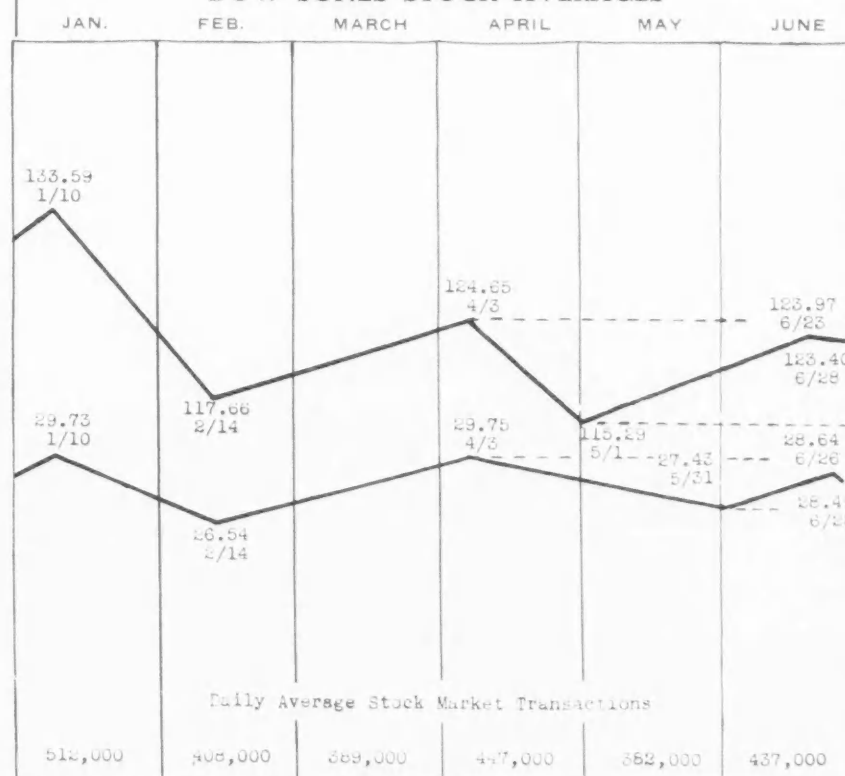
Markets do not always move, however, entirely on technical expectancies. Particularly is this so during a war period, such as at present, when momentous issues are being fought and week-to-week developments are fraught with change of considerable dimension. As an excellent illustration of this statement is the overnight declaration of war by Germany against Russia. This event widens the major potentialities that the market, in its more important swings over the months ahead, must take into account.

RUSSIA'S STRENGTH IS MAJOR QUESTION

If Germany, for instance, cleans up in Russia in four or five weeks, as seems to be the unanimity (sic) of opinion in the United States, there can be little for the market to become bullish over. Germany's chances of invading Britain (the main issue that the market is considering) in August or September will not be increased by such a development but—with no enemy army on the eastern flank—Germany's ability and incentive to attempt the invasion certainly will be stepped up. To the contrary, if the Russian Armies can force the Germans to fight heavily over a ninety-day period, the attempt, this year, at Britain's invasion might have to be foregone; whereas, were the Russians even more successful, thought of an invasion attempt might have to be given up entirely.

Under the first circumstances, i.e. a successful German blitz against Russia, any seasonal market strength lying just ahead might be confined within the limits of the trading range (see our last week's Forecast) that has now been running since mid-February. Conversely, a major Russian success could furnish the fuel for a dynamic emergence above the trading range and a subsequent substantial rise.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Why Corporate Instead of Personal Bonds?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

THERE is little if any exaggeration in the statement that corporate suretyship has proved itself one of the blessings of the present century, and has become a necessity to the development of the country's business and financial undertakings. It is now regarded as an almost indispensable protection by governments of all kinds, federal, provincial and municipal, as well by employers, large and small.

It is pretty generally recognized nowadays that the old system of giving personal bonds, which came out of the dark ages, is fundamentally unsound, because it is essential that the surety should at all times be prepared and able to discharge his obligations, and experience has proved that on the average not one personal bond out of thirty was worth the paper it was written on.

This is not surprising, as an individual who may be worth a fortune today may become a bankrupt tomorrow, or a person who may be in good health and good financial standing today may be dead in a month and his estate shrunken or much involved. Almost everybody has been a witness to the correctness of these facts, especially during the recent period of depression.

Each year the public is becoming better educated in the use of corporate fidelity insurance and surety bonds, and also in the unwisdom of giving or accepting personal bonds. Indeed, very few persons would consent to act as bondsmen for others if they realized the extent of the liabilities they were assuming in doing so. When an individual becomes surety for another, he encumbers his property and involves himself, his

Time was when a person, upon being required to furnish a surety bond of any kind, went to some friend and got him to sign the bond for him, both evidently regarding the matter largely as a mere formality, involving little or no responsibility.

But happenings in the business and financial world in recent years have clearly demonstrated the folly of giving or accepting these personal bonds as security, and the wisdom of insisting upon corporate bonds in all cases where suretyship is needed or required.

estate and his heirs and legatees for a lengthy period.

There is now no valid reason why a person should give or should accept a personal bond, because a bond can be obtained at small cost from a corporate surety or bonding company. Usually the request to become a personal bondsman is made by a friend, and, as a rule, is made in good faith, the applicant often being ignorant of the fact that in doing so he is taking an unfair advantage of his friend. In such cases, the applicant should be referred to any one of the many corporations engaged in the business of selling the required bonds.

It is often not fully understood that, in signing a bond, the personal bondsman makes himself responsible for the obligations resting upon the person bonded. That is, on going on the bond of an executor, administrator, trustee, or official, he guarantees that person's honesty and fidelity, and obligates himself to the extent of the bond for the payment of all money involved in the event of loss through his dishonesty or dereliction of duty.

It was no whim but sound business

acumen which caused the late Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, to include the following clauses in his last will and testament: "I earnestly request my wife and my children and descendants that they steadfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons." He had seen the ruin which often follows in the wake of personal suretyship, and left this solemn warning to his family to avoid its dangers.

No Time Limit

Frequently a personal bond is for a large amount, and there is no time limit to the liability. By affixing his signature to a bond, the personal bondsman in effect places a lien upon his estate until the person bonded is discharged by the court or until his accounts have been audited and found correct. Neither can the estate of the personal bondsman be settled until the bond is cancelled, and the bond cannot be cancelled until the person for whom he is surety receives his legal discharge.

From the standpoint of public and private corporations, individual estates and trusts of one kind and another, it must be admitted that personal bonds furnish inadequate protection for their funds. When a loss occurs it is often found that the resources of the personal bondsman are altogether insufficient to make good the loss or have disappeared entirely. To a certain extent this should not be surprising, as personal bondsmen never expect to have to meet a loss and accordingly make no provision for it. They never pay willingly either; usually they must be sued, the litigation often involving much expense and delay before a final settlement is reached.

Thus the advantage of corporate over personal suretyship is clearly shown in the case of the fiduciary bonds generally required from those appointed by will or deed, or by order of the court, to receive, handle and account for trust funds. Fiduciaries include those persons and corporations who administer the estates of deceased persons, of insolvent persons or corporations, of incompetent persons, and occasionally special estates set aside by deeds of trust.

Liability Continues

In some places the amount of the fiduciary bond is required to be equal to the value of the personal estate to be administered, while in other jurisdictions the amount is left to the discretion of the court and varies according to the wisdom and state of mind of the judge making the appointment. Under fiduciary bonds for the administration of estates the liability continues until all debts and taxes are paid and the balance is distributed to the next of kin.

In the case of bonds for guardians the liability continues until the infant reaches his majority and receives his estate. Under other fiduciary bonds the liability continues until the particular duties required have been performed. Then for the proper discharge of the fiduciary and the termination of the liability of the surety on the bond, an accounting and settlement in court is always wise, and, in fact, is usually necessary. If the fiduciary has advertised for debts, as permitted by law, he is freed from



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liability for claims not submitted within the prescribed period.

Then bonds are often required in court cases. They are known as judicial bonds, and are frequently divided into two classes: plaintiff's bonds and defendant's bonds, the former being regarded, as a rule, as less hazardous than the latter. Defendant's bonds are nearly always financial guarantees, that is, bonds guaranteeing the payment to the plaintiff of a liquidated sum of money, while plaintiff's bonds guar-

antee to indemnify the defendant against damage occasioned by the act or omission of the plaintiff.

Experience over a lengthy period of years has proved the wisdom of refusing to give or accept personal bonds and to insist upon corporate bonds in every case where suretyship is needed or required. There is no longer any occasion for personal suretyship in view of the large number of sound surety and bonding companies now regularly licensed to furnish such protection.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to obtain some information about an insurance society called the United Workmen which used to have its head office in Toronto. Is it still in existence, or if not, what happened to the policies of those insured in it?

L. M. B., Windsor, Ont.

The Ancient Order of United Workmen of Ontario, or the A.O.U.W., as it was usually called, and which had been operating in Ontario as a fraternal benefit society since 1879, with head office at Toronto, went out of existence in 1926. Its policy contracts, however, were reinsured by the Independent Order of Foresters, Temple Bldg., Toronto, as of May 31, 1926, so that its policyholders were protected.

As the Independent Order of Foresters operates on an actuarial basis, is regularly licensed and maintains a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$118,650 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively, it furnishes ample security for the fulfillment of its policy obligations, and all claims are readily collectable.

Editor, About Insurance:

As your advice started me out on my insurance program, I am writing to you for advice, now that a new angle has cropped up.

My age is 28, married, with one child. I carry the following insurance: (1) \$10,000 family income with double indemnity and total disability waiver of premium, 4 years paid. (2) \$2,500 twenty pay life with total disability benefit of waiver of premium and monthly income of 25 dollars, 11 years paid. (3) \$2,000 twenty year endowment which with accumulated dividends will be paid up in 18 years and will act as an educational policy for my son, 4 years paid. (4) \$1,000 insurance with \$10 per month pension at 65, 3 years

paid. (5) Elective Retirement Annuity of \$50. per month at 65, 3 years paid.

All these policies have dividends accruing, which if I live to 65 will give me an income of over 100 dollars per month in addition to the 60 dollars above.

Now, the company for which I work is initiating an insurance and retirement scheme which is supposed to be the most alluring in Canada. With my present salary I am allowed to take \$2,500 worth of insurance and a retirement at 65 income of \$147 dollars per month for only \$114 per year.

My personal program above, takes almost exactly 600 dollars per year which for my salary and income is a high percentage. My portfolio seems well balanced and I don't think it would be wise to give any up.

Would I be foolish to forego this group opportunity?

There is one other point; one's own insurance carries on if one is let out or goes to another company, whereas this insurance ceases, and the pension becomes stagnant (you get the value of what you have paid to that date, when you reach 65).

— B. L. T., Quebec, Que.

If you felt that your future was with the company for which you are now working, and that more likely than not the company will be in existence for a long time and that you will continue to be in its service, it would be advisable to take advantage of the very attractive offer of the group insurance and pension plan open to employees, even if you had to drop either No. 4 or No. 5 of the policies you now have.

But if you felt there was a possibility of your making a change of position or of the company retiring from business, I should advise you to pass up the group cover and to stick to your present plan of making provision for the future by means of individual policies.

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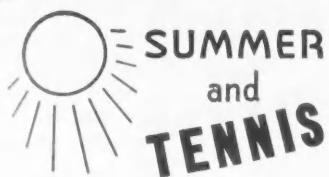
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"Telescope" Plan

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Oliver Lyttelton of the Board of Trade in England has proposed a plan for the rationalization of British industry. Called a "telescope" plan, Mr. Lyttelton's proposal is simple: a concentration of production within each industry; a sort of amalgamation, not only of companies as such, but of productive units.

Right now, the plan is creating doubt and controversy. But, says Gilbert Layton, when the war is over, the world is going to be faced with some entirely new economic problems. This plan may be the basis of a new economic apparatus to cope with those problems.

THE stock markets, which reflect normally the most informed industrial and financial opinion, have come to take a rather changed view of the "telescope" plan for British industry. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, of the Board of Trade, could scarcely have guessed when he first announced this broad plan for the comprehensive and intensive application of rationalization to industry as a whole that it would be interpreted in the markets as a signal for a revival, if not of bullish activity, at least of bullish sentiment.

The telescope scheme is essentially simple in principle. It argues that there is a war on and that the needs of war impose upon production a very strict and very definite schedule of priority in requirements. It argues that we have to draw in the belt to a great extent on normal civilian consumption and production; and it proceeds therefore that there must be many productive plants standing idle and many others unable to cope with the rush of special emergency work. All this has, of course, been fully proved by experience. So Mr. Lyttelton developed the plan whereby there should be a concentration within each industry, a sort of amalgamation, not only of companies as such, but of productive units.

Change of Opinion

The stock markets, which generally speaking, are concerned with the big key companies, thought that the development of this process could not fail to be beneficial to the com-

panies with whose equities they were most concerned. But now that it is pretty plain that the Board of Trade will have to apply compulsion to force away the inevitable difficulties in the path of voluntary co-operation in the scheme, and now that the markets have had time to think over the implications of the scheme more fully, there is noticeable a considerable change of opinion.

In the first place, the idea that telescoping industry must necessarily be good for the major units in each sphere depends upon the assumption that the scheme would operate by a process in which the big companies would take over the production of the smaller ones on the basis of costs. Then, they would secure the two-fold advantages of reduced costs themselves and full-time running of plants. But there is no certainty at all that this in fact will be the mode by which the scheme will operate. The Government itself is all against anything which would tend to injure the interests of small enterprises. And if development takes place along the lines of combinations of the small firms without specific reference to the combines, then the whole picture is very much altered.

But these things, after all, are in a sense only incidental. The stock markets may well be concerned with the means, but it is the end which matters. And the end should be not merely to create a productive apparatus eminently well qualified to cope with the special demands of war but also, since such changes of such depth must inevitably become a permanent part of the economic structure, it must be an industrial organism which operates without the hindrance of struggling small concerns and which enjoys all the advantages of carefully thought-out organization.

Well-Planned Organization

It is early to say to what extent the post-war picture will be colored by the things which war itself compels. It can be said, however, of the Lyttelton scheme that it will leave its mark on industry and on investment not for the duration alone, nor for the post-war years of reconstruction alone, but permanently. Whether this must mean in the long run a definite advantage to the companies which now stand in the strongest position within each trade remains to be seen. But it is fairly plain that whatever interim rulings are made so as to prevent the most obvious beneficiaries from securing the major advantages, whatever moves are made to prevent any infringement of the interests of the smaller companies, the whole economic process is trending towards such a degree of amalgamation and rationalization as is more clearly in conformity with the interests of the big groups than of the small competitor.

That this should be so is not necessarily bad and not necessarily good. Even without war and this telescope produced by war, such a trend was clearly inevitable. It is not within the scope of this article to examine all the implications of what this may mean for the future, nor to suggest now to investors any action which they might take at this stage. It is, however, necessary to realize that in the post-war years, just as the world will be faced with some quite new economic problems, so the world, and not the belligerents alone, will have a new economic apparatus wherewith to cope with them.



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To rebuild those parts of the country which had been devastated in the recent war with Russia, Finland, until lately, had been bending all her efforts. Here in this picture are students of the University of Helsinki who are building homes for the invalids of the Russo-Finnish War under the direction of the Principal of the University, Kaarlo Linkola, who is shown leaning on his shovel. Now with Russia bombing her cities and with German troops on her soil, little Finland is girding again for a continuation of the war with her age-old enemy, Soviet Russia.

Stalin Is With Democracy

MEIN KAMPF and Das Capital have come to blows. The non-aggression agreement which Hitler and Stalin signed with a display of brotherly love in the summer of 1939, which incidentally touched off the war, is now what the Russians would call "kapoot," which in raw Canadian means busted.

The Russian people were shocked by that agreement and they have not since been in any mood to stand for further concessions to Hitler. Litvinoff for years, until he was dropped as the spokesman of Russian foreign policy, warned the world against appeasement. But the 62 years old Georgian successor to Lenin, moved partly by fear as well as the opportunity to develop the relative strength of Russia while Britain and Germany were weakening themselves in mortal combat, spurned the friendly overtures of Britain and elected to appease Hitler. Stalin moved sharply to grab the pickings which have been slices off Finland, Poland and Rumania, and also the three little Baltic states. He justifies this today as military moves to create buffer territory against the menace of Hitler's war machine.

We have been accustomed to call Russia's policy enigmatic, but the story appears crystal clear today. Stalin's diplomacy has become bankrupt. It is Litvinoff who is vindicated. On the other hand Hitler has failed too in avoiding a war on the two fronts which a military alliance with Russia would have prevented.

Today Bolshevik Russia is back in the same position where the Russia of Kerensky was in 1917 when that liberal-democratic regime was facing the German military machine. And we may recall at this time that Kerensky strove to keep Russia's pledges with her Allies, but the Bolsheviks repudiated them and Trotsky made an ignominious peace with the Germans in 1918, claiming that Russia would recover what she was then forced to cede to the Germans when the Bolshevik Party had accomplished its Messianic mission of world Revolution.

Policy Now Clear

This brings us to our point. Today this Party which is known as the Communist party, is merged and submerged with the Soviet government of Russia. It has become a rubber stamp. The Soviet is a totalitarian system ruled by Stalin who recently capped his autocratic power with the title of Premier. We of the democracies have been regarding this Russia of Stalin's as an enemy, equally with Germany. And now in the twinkling of an eye we find ourselves associated with Russia in the war against a common enemy.

This change is so sudden and so radical as to appear fantastic. Communism is outlawed in Canada and the United States. Russian sympathizers with their Communist activities have been fomenting strikes. It was only a few days ago that Stalin was fairly jumping over the Kremlin in demonstrating his alacrity to recognize the new rebel Iraq anti-British state created by Hitler's agents. And this bizarre situation bristles with vexation too! It is terrible to be even in nominal alignment against those small states which are still bearing their just resentments against Russia for recent depredations of their territories. We abhor the cruel fate of those peoples who so unfortunately are situated between the two fires on the Eastern front; Poland for instance, whose cities are bombed first by one side and then the other.

Reeling under such perplexities, our problem is now to get our thinking adjusted to this *volte face*, to examine our position and to visualize, if possible, a clear and honest goal ahead.

When Hitler marched into Russia almost the first utterances from Berlin, Rome and Vichy were propaganda directed to give the war the

BY GRANDE STIRLING

Stalin's diplomacy has become bankrupt and Litvinoff has been vindicated. Stalin is the last of the European appeasers of Hitler to be attacked by Nazi Germany.

When the war is over it will be necessary to break down the wall of prejudice and isolation which has surrounded Russia during the past twenty years.

As for orthodox Communism, that, says Mr. Stirling, is 'kapoot'.



Joseph Stalin, enigmatic dictator of Russia, finds appeasement of Hitler impossible. He is no Marxist, but a strong nationalist, and in 1936 gave Russia a constitution of parliamentary tint which hasn't been implemented.

character of a united European struggle against "the menace of Bolshevism" and the Italian bureau called it "a crusade of liberation against Bolshevism." Thus Hitler would like to confound the democracies and form a split in democratic opinion throughout the world. All that this can accomplish is to prove that Nazi psychology is as stupid as ever in measuring the mettle of the democracies. It really has had the effect of turning that very small number of the extreme left who once advocated cessation of the war, into virulent war prosecutors.

Sirange Redfellows

We used to say that "politics makes strange bed-fellows" and what our enemies are now saying is that this war is making strange Red-fellows. Our answer to this is, that our co-operation with Russia to defeat a common enemy, does not mean and never will mean an alliance with communism. Respecting the Russian expression of it within the confines of their country, that is their affair. There will be proper collaboration along military and economic lines for joint and effective prosecution of the war and missions will be exchanged. We have no intention of dipping into Russian internal affairs, and it now appears certain that Russian agitation through its international communist bureau into the affairs of the Democracies has reached its day of extinction. We can now write "Finis" to that. And we can go further without being open to the charge of crystal gazing, for tracing logical sequences which events have set in motion, we find definite trends which point to only one conclusion. The latest war development has given greater impetus to forces already in action. Moscow's days are numbered as the Mecca of the extreme

left and of Communist sympathizers. Great expectations of social justice are aroused today. Moscow upon its record cannot claim leadership here, and any opportunity Russia might have had for strategic position has long been lost. From the heart of the Democracies, from London and Washington comes the official declarations of very definite purposes to extend the sweep of their social security and economic programs which have already been demonstrated to be the most definite, practical, and the only realizable hope that Labor in all classes has today.

Listen to what Ernest Bevin, the British Labor Minister has said—"Britain and her allies are determined to produce a just order in Europe and to recreate it on the basis of freedom, free association, and equality. We will never tolerate again masses of unemployed or poverty."

We have witnessed for years the spectacle of intellectuals, experts, and other observers visiting Russia and afterwards contributing to the eternal wrangle as to whether or no the great masses of Russians have benefitted by Russia's great experiment in socialism as worked out at the hands of the Stalin dictatorship. Suffice it to say, there is one thing that emerges with clarity, and that is the utter incongruity and blatant contradiction in the Russian picture. We have become convinced of the hopelessness of a social and economic program emanating from a machine as totalitarian and equally as despotic as Hitler's, as a remedy for the ills of the world. Win, lose, or draw for Russia in this war, the international appeal, influence and force of Moscow's experiment in Communism is dead. It is completely "kapoot!"

Breaking Down Isolation

When this war is over the strength of the Democracies in guiding the principles which must be the foundation of people's rights and liberties in the new order, will be represented around the council board by such men as Ernest Bevin and John Winant. These men command the respect of world labor. President Roosevelt took a long look ahead and used wise judgment when he appointed Winant as his Ambassador to Britain. Their task will be to organize conditions upon which this Democracy which we are fighting to save, can function more effectively. We can foresee now a helpful fruitage from this war the breaking down of the isolation which has enshrouded the Russian people. The prospect for world peace and stability will be immeasurably enhanced with the way paved for friendly contact with this gifted and sturdy race of 200,000,000 people.

Yesterday we were accustomed to look at the menace of Communism towards our democratic way of life. Today we look at the Russian people doggedly fighting for their homes and we recognize what is far more likely to take place—Democracy's influence and power being brought to bear, there will emerge from the turmoil that civil and political liberty for Russia which is found and preserved, only in democratic principles.

Stalin's record shows him to be of nationalistic bent. Being no doctrinaire, he said, "Revolution for export is nonsense." He has eliminated the orthodox Marxists leaders and largely repudiated their doctrine. His great desire has been to make Russia strong. Pushing his industrial program ruthlessly, he has ruled by purges, repression, and propaganda. In 1936 he gave Russia a new constitution which has the British parliamentary aspect. This has however never been implemented. Russia's gradual entrance into the Democratic stream of freedom, will mean making this constitutional reform a reality. Her people will then have freedom of election, press, and speech. It will be a triumph for Democracy and the whole world will be a better and a safer place in which to live.



Queen's Messengers

IN the upper picture of this group H.M. Queen Elizabeth is seen inspecting a fleet of the Mobile Canteens which are now known as the Queens Messenger Convoys. The canteens are rushed to towns which suffer heavy bombing to provide meals for victims and workers who are searching the ruins. At right a Queen's messenger is seen in operation at Coventry, and below a group of cheery victims are shown enjoying hot drinks and food. Eight of these canteens are the gift of the Queen and many others have been given by private citizens and benevolent groups, notably War Relief Society of America.

